THE COMMONWEAL

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THE CENTRAL PROBLEM

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES, minister of the Community Church, of New York—which caters to the spiritual needs of those who attempt to cling to "religion" after all "dogmas," "organization" and "supernaturalism" are discarded—is the latest observer of the European scene to return from his survey to announce that all forms of organized religion are doomed to speedy oblivion. Greek Orthodoxy, he finds, is defeated utterly. Protestantism is being swept aside from its birth-land and central place of power, Germany. Roman Catholicism "is the one live institution in Europe today and is fighting under intelligent and impressive leadership." But Mr. Holmes considers the effort to be futile. Atheism, the directive force of modern revolution, will sweep Catholicism aside as well. "The Roman Catholic Church has absolutely no future."

We seem vaguely to remember hearing such predictions before; we paid our respects to them, indeed, in our issue for September 16, suggesting that an anthology of such prophecies starting from today would go back some two thousand years ago, beginning at the cradle of the Church—in fact, Herod tried to realize it by sword play not unconnected with the cradle—a sort of rough and ready application of what later on was to become respectable under the name of birth control. We will not trouble to controvert Mr. Holmes's views on this point; for what is more important is the fact that he sees that the really central issue of all our problems just now is "the question of religion as opposed to atheism." And Mr. Holmes believes that religion will win the victory—his kind of religion, of course, and not Christianity, still less Catholicism—for he distinguishes between these three, believing "religion" to be other, and greater, than "Christianity," and "Catholicism." Again, we will not argue with Mr. Holmes about such distinctions: for the interesting thing is that like a great many other "radicals" of today he sees, much more clearly and truly than many conservative and conventional observers, that the religious issue underlies all other problems. It is a phenomenon that has been observed before.

Donoso Cortes began the book with which he attempted (but failed) to stem the tides of infidelity and barbarism let loose upon the world by the revolutions of 1848 and 1849—his "Catholicism, Authority and Order"—by quoting Proudhon who, in his "Confessions of a Revolutionist," said: "It is surprising to

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observe how constantly we find that all our political questions involve theological ones." As Cortes remarked, "There is nothing in this to cause remark except it be the surprise of Proudhon." Yet revolutionists are constantly being astonished by this simple fact. In addition to Mr. Holmes, consider the case of Lincoln Steffens, who, if not precisely a revolutionist, is at all events the most experienced observer and reporter, and fomenter, of revolutions that this country at least can show. Beginning his long journalistic career as a Wall Street and police headquarters reporter, then becoming the chief of those muck-rakers who twenty-five years ago exposed the political, social and business corruption of the country so malodorously, and so ineffectively, Mr. Steffens went on to report I. W. W. and labor union conspiracies and dynamite outrages, finally going in for large scale revolution-reporting in Mexico and Russia. He did more than merely observe and report these happenings—he helped to frame the Mexican revolutionary constitution, while later on his friendliness for Soviet Russia earned him, justly or unjustly, a reputation for extreme political and social radicalism. England refused for years to grant him a passport. He was a stormy petrel of revolution. From Moscow to Mexico City, from the Macnamara dynamiting case to confidential and unofficial diplomatic errands for Woodrow Wilson in Europe, Lincoln Steffens incessantly wandered through the agitations and storms of society during an epoch compared with which the turbulences of 1848 and 1849 were trivial. Beginning as a liberal social reformer, he gradually lost faith in all social or political reforms except economic revolution.

Yet at the very end of his long and exhaustive autobiography—the most complete account of the inner circles and the chief protagonists of modern revolution ever written—he says: "I have been contending, with all my kind, always against God. He had plans, too. All countries, all life, all being—are chapters in His book of revelations. . . . Some change in me, this? It is. I have not lived in vain. The world which I tried so hard, so honestly, so dumbly, to change has changed me. . . . And as for the world in general, all that was or is or ever will be wrong with that is my—our thinking about it."

Theologians tell us that wrong came through sin—the rebellious thinking of the first creations of God, the angels who fell. And the fallen angels suggested a similar rebellion of thought to the first created man and woman, and wrong thinking led to wrong-doing. No doubt, Mr. Lincoln Steffens would reject the research of the theologians into the origins of the wrong thinking which he acknowledges to be the source and reason for the evils in the world today. He was able to write a book of some eight hundred large pages all about the social, political and economic problems of the world, covering almost fifty years of experience, and nowhere did he seem even to glimpse religion, or the lack of it, as having anything to do with these problems—yet at the end he came to a religious revelation of his own. Perhaps the fact is a portent.

Possibly the extreme determination of the Russian and Mexican revolutionists to crush, root out and utterly destroy all dependence of humanity upon any sort of religious thinking, or acting, may do what mere indifferentism, the characteristic note of modern, agnostic, scientific society, has failed to do, namely, to cause a reaction back toward God. Possibly other sympathizers with revolution will follow Lincoln Steffens's example, and finding that all lesser reasons fail to give a clew to the meaning of life will discover that if the Soviets have a Five-Year Plan, and if those who would save society from the Bolsheviks also formulate plans, then God too has a plan, and that, "all countries, all life, all being—are chapters in His book of revelations." That is what the Church has been saying all along, for some two thousand years now, and to that Church, willy-nilly—to be led into peace, or to be left to their confusions and their failures, as they themselves must will—all men today, as yesterday, and tomorrow as well, must turn. This is the central, the supreme, issue of these times of crisis.

WEEK BY WEEK

Steel Out of Step

BY DECIDING to impose a wage cut of 10 percent, operative on October 1, the United States Steel Corporation abandoned a position to which its own president had pledged himself only a few months ago, and which had been agreed to during Mr. Hoover's 1929 conference with business leaders. Our own view of the matter, expressed on previous occasions, is that maintenance of the present wage scale has no bearing on any feasible plan to ameliorate the existing depression. The question in this instance is whether the corporation, which had already cut dividends, reduced salaries and watched the price of its stock climb down hill at a terrific pace, could afford to foot its labor bill while its own credit position grew tighter and tighter. Of course it by no means follows that curtailed pay envelopes are good for the country as a whole. No decrease of economic power is, and in this case the blow is hard to take. But obviously the worker's nominal income must sag, one way or another, when real income of every description has dropped and is dropping like a plummet. The Steel Corporation's action, to be sure, raises several questions. First, will wage cutting, which now affects industry generally, be indulged in out of reason and season, or will organized labor plus the public conscience impose a sufficient restraint? Second, why were the big distributions out of earnings, which characterized the years of prosperity, not diverted in part to building up unemployment funds? Here the answer is, of course, that industry was proud of itself for being able and willing to pay well, and utterly unprepared for any such slump as now prevails.

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AT ALL events, this slump is now a fact, and whatever else may be relied upon to help the country out of it, the remedy is certainly not expecting from industry money it does not possess. Theoretically the disarray now characteristic of our commodity, credit and securities structure can be carried so far that the only liquid wealth remaining would be the national currency. This would mean: a large corporation might have 1,000,000 shares of nominally worthless stock outstanding, but still be perfectly solvent because of quick assets. Naturally this hypothetical limit will not be reached. We are merely veering toward it, in so far as everybody—big industries and little investors—is trying to get off a credit basis and on a cash basis. Conservative estimate has it that over a billion dollars of United States currency has actually been withdrawn from circulation and is held in real or nominal safe-deposit. So long as this situation obtains, purchases are restricted, loans curtailed and wages reduced. The only way out suggests itself. Credit must be extended. Money must be put into circulation. And to our mind this way cannot be found until we retrace our steps to the point at which the turn to deflation set in, and set out from there in the other direction. No doubt this point is somewhere along the road of international use of money during the past decade—a road with which government as well as public opinion seems as yet too unfamiliar to explore it with confident success.

THE EXTENT to which purely human factors have been legislated out of influence since the war is unquestionably one cause of existing trouble. It seemed to have been forgotten that man was more than an animated loud speaker—a universal Babbitt whose importance rested solely on the fact that he was backed up with cash, or a universal under-dog whose significance lay in the fact that there was still something a machine couldn't accomplish. Thinking went out of style. Experience dated, and the only thing supposedly needed for business success was a bright young football player, with plenty of punch and presence, from Harvard or somewhere else. It is one of the clear merits of Sir Josiah Stamp that he never succumbed to this brand of hokum. And likewise it is one of the virtues of his recent syndicated article anent British abandonment of the unadulerated gold standard, that it reminds us of plain if forgotten truths. A world which is threatened with the loss of British experience in the handling and banking of money, he says, cannot immediately turn to rejoicing because of the stimulus potentially given to trade. "We must manage our standard or it will mismanage us. The price level must be controlled and we must control it by a golden handle." These words, which Sir Josiah wrote eight years ago, have been confirmed by two years of dolorous and destructive history. Muddled money and muddled production, yes. But what ails us first of all is muddled thinking.

Muddled Thinking

IN SPITE of omens, the American Legion got out of Detroit without having made a levy on the United States Treasury. That is something to be grateful for, though the argument against cashing the bonus now has not been squarely faced. As a mere credit operation, giving the veterans a couple of billion dollars is hardly more terrible just at present than it will be years hence. Indeed there is reason to believe that a government bond issue would absorb considerable cash now stalled in savings banks, or possibly even get into circulation money tucked away in deposit vaults. What everybody is afraid of is the fate of the principle underlying the bonus. This, inevitable at the time, was designed as a blanket to quash veteran demands for twenty years, by which time the strength of the forces able to ask for more would have been reduced. If a settlement were made now, requests for additional grants would almost certainly gain momentum during the next half-dozen years. Millions of people with a war claim might hold up the government, tying the country once again in the coils of pension legislation. Wherefore Mr. Hoover changed his mind, rushed to Detroit, and did his bit for sanity. We are optimistic enough to believe that the Legion would have voted the proposal down anyway.

Detroit

THE PRESIDENT'S address was not the only notable one to which the Detroit convention listened. A man who did not cease to be honored as a distinguished pacifist even while he was being admired as an efficient Secretary of War, spoke to the legionnaires on the subject of peace. The same realism which enabled Newton D. Baker, while choosing peace as the more excellent ideal, to venerate the heroism of the soldier and to share the war burden of the citizen, appears in his recognition that war cannot be merely negatively avoided, but must be positively replaced. The factors making for war are never so subtle, never so powerful, as in times when civilized men begin to proclaim that war is "no longer possible." We who lived through 1914, he comments grimly, saw "the impossible happen, and when the impossible does happen, it immediately becomes probable." Our world today must go beyond a mere restoration of business confidence, important as that is. Its unease can be cured only by a universal return to faith in mankind, "as a body, as a democracy." He is right. Among merely human agencies, this strong sense of the rights, dignities and duties of common humanity is the loftiest. It is the most important formulation in the long course of political history. Short of a general influx back into the Church, it is the one thing in which our civilization can put its trust. And the one attitude which can vitalize this passionate democracy, is not the attitude of the thinker or the politician; it is the attitude which Mr. Baker commends so magnificently to these men whose one bond is that they all fought together. Give

Mr. Baker on War and Peace

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yourselves, he urges, to "the teaching of that lesson, the reaching of it, thrusting yourselves with the same reckless courage into its defense that you did in battle."

The Juvenile Delinquent

HOW SOUND or how useful the newly established Bureau of Child Guidance of the New York Board of Education will prove to be, is of course conjectural. Its possibilities for either helping or hurting are indefinite. But the first public utterance of its director, Dr. Leon Goldrich, is at least reassuring. It seems to indicate a clear understanding of the human needs of the child, and a healthy agnosticism regarding the all-sufficiency of child psychiatry and psychology. Dr. Goldrich quotes statistics of intensive research among juvenile delinquents, pursued both here and in England, to the effect that in both countries, "mental defect and mental disease, two different things, are not responsible for even a fair average percent of juvenile delinquency." The active factor for evil in the majority of these cases is the bad home. The passive factor, one gathers from the rest of his remarks, is the stupid scientist or the uninspired teacher. "Unless the psychologists and psychiatrists and social workers possess more than cold-blooded science, unless they possess insight, sympathy, love, affection and interest in the children, I would right now say that their cold science must spell failure." This, it seems to us, is about all that we can fairly expect. If our civilization so preys upon the home that its functions must be spread abroad (and there seems little doubt that today that is the case), it is heartening to find this warmth and sanity in one in authority among those we appoint to supplement—or supplant—delinquent parents.

News from School

THE APPEALS which were made to keep young men and women wherever possible in attendance at school or college, rather than have them add to the numbers of the unemployed, seem to have been heeded, if we may judge from the general reports of the beginning of the new scholastic year. In spite of the depression and depleted family budgets, the pursuit of a higher education apparently is one industry that goes ahead at full capacity. Harvard reports the enrolment of almost a thousand freshmen, a new all-time high. At Notre Dame it is said that the total enrolment is expected to be 3,100 although a limit of 3,000 had been set, and hundreds more were in the registration line than could be accommodated this year. At this same university, 450 students have been given work as secretaries, waiters, mailmen, watchmen and other duties necessary to the operation of such a large active community. New York City announces an enrolment of over 200,000 in its high schools, an increase of 20,000 over the year before. This difference is attributed to unemployment among older boys and girls who ordinarily would be in or seeking jobs, and to the fact that many parents in reduced circumstances are transferring their children from private to public schools.

UNDER the circumstances, it is to be expected that there will filter into the halls of learning a heightened sense of reality. It is apparent that there has been no begrudging by the average American of the freedom from responsibility or of the opportunities which in this country are given with a lavish hand to youth. And youth we believe will respond with a finer earnestness and an application to his academic studies with an appreciation that it is not trifles that he seeks but equipment to struggle intelligently in a life that is not all chicken dinners and automobiling. In these opinions we have had vigorous confirmation by a widely quoted letter of Dr. Edmund A. Walsh, regent of the Foreign Service School of Georgetown University, who attacks the problem of education from the point of view of the experienced administrator, and one "who has not become fascinated by the lure of numbers." Academic fare in America has become too soft, he finds, and the cafeteria methods of modern elective systems have not been productive of discrimination and a solid basis of learning. But he sees in the present a searching of hearts in academic as well as in business circles that should augur for us a new period of constructive effort.

One More Saint

IT IS not very likely that Sister Cassia, who died at Notre Dame a few days ago, will evoke eulogistic columns from the world's newspaper men. All the more reason why she should be honored here—she who spent fifty cheerful years getting ready to join the saints. Sister was certainly one of the best, most devoted, most utterly selfless of nurses. As a girl she had been an English nursemaid; and when she joined the Sisters of Holy Cross here, she adopted the attitude that all patients, however grown up, were children to be mothered. For many, many months she nursed a sufferer from cancer, day and night, without ever supposing she was doing anything unusual. Hospitals in all parts of the country knew and loved her. Ultimately she took charge of a university isolation ward—one of those drear places, equipped by men in such a way as to place all possible emphasis on the "isolation," which always throw women into a faint. But Sister Cassia did not despair. She scrubbed and cleaned, smiled and painted, begged and spent, until you would have sworn the place was meant to house week-end guests or random royalty. There we knew her, in the throes of outfitting a chapel with a mammoth discarded statute of the Blessed Mother which, intended for the top of a building, looked weirdly out of perspective in that small room. But Sister loved the statute deeply, no doubt because she suspected it felt a bit out of place, like an awkward boy. Hundreds and hundreds of patients watched her smooth their pillows, or tempt them with food over which she often as not haggled with the stewards. And

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surely there is not one who, as he prays for her soul, will not be tempted to pray *to* her for his own.

The Finer Flavor

A HINT of homespun in the midst of grandeur is given by the announcement that the new Waldorf Astoria Hotel in New York, which special stories and rotogravure pictures have been impressing on us will be the last word in elegance and equipment, is to have one kitchen which will be in charge of women cooks who will produce there strictly American meals. This strikes us as being an estimable idea. American cooking has needed to be glorified. There is no doubt that it can be very, very bad in some dismal communities where food is looked upon with a sort of neo-Manichean contempt for the flesh. The triumph of canning in this country has not been an unmixed blessing; in some cases it has contributed to an unpardonable slovenliness and lack of good taste in the kitchen. No doubt, too, past seasons of active campaigning to free women from the hearthside without consideration of who should take their place there—unless it should be Mr. Childs or the Automat—has led to a certain feeling of defeat in the bosoms of the millions who did not make the escape and its expression by them in more or less conscious sabotaging. These things are body-blows to civilization; where eating is a drudgery rather than an art, the *élan vital* suffers. So we are glad to see good American cooking glorified. And good American cooking can be as good as, and for many better than, any other in the world. It is its special glory that it preserves the natural tastes of the foods. A really good New England dinner, or a really good Southern dinner, or a home-cooked Western dinner—ah, away with subtle sauces and deceptive confectionings! The flavor of what the Lord so bountifully provided in this great country is nobler and infinitely more satisfying than any heretical improvisations by mere men. It is not lack, but the highest art to preserve that flavor.

The Lindberghs in China

COLONEL LINDBERGH'S fellow countrymen will be more gratified than surprised to learn that as soon as he and Mrs. Lindbergh arrived in China, they began making intensive air surveys of the flood-devastated areas of Kiangsu Province for the Chinese government. The young flier's note is inspired simplicity. Plenty of others do brave and extraordinary things; but he does them directly, prosaically, with no loss of time and no suggestion the onlooker can trace of feeling that they are brave or extraordinary. Just as it seemed to him quite natural, to fly the Atlantic alone, so it seems to him quite natural to look a distressed alien government in the eye the moment he lands there, and say, "Let me help." The considerations and cautions, the fear of being intrusive or seeming patronizing, the mere uncertainty about what is traditional or proper among strange people and in unpredictable circumstances, which would make most even superior men in a like case hesitate and delay, simply never occurred to him; and the soundness of his instinct is again proved by the overwhelming gratitude and admiration his hosts are expressing. He and Mrs. Lindbergh (whose competence evidently invites praise on its own account) have prepared an exhaustive report, illustrated by photographs, on about 6,000 square miles of the flood territory. This information, it is said, will be indispensable in planning relief campaigns.

IDEA OF A UNIVERSITY

WE HERE are certainly subscribers of long standing to the idea of the Catholic University of America. It is possible to differ widely regarding educational aims and methods, but it would be difficult to question any of the three following assertions: the Catholic body in the United States has yet to solve the problem of adjustment to the national civilization; this civilization reposes more and more noticeably upon the especial kind of authority which modern universities possess; and, though the Catholic advantage is in other respects very great, it has not yet succeeded in investing its appeal to the nation—that is, in the strict sense, its whole missionary effort—with the new academic authoritativeness. Once these facts are granted (and the purpose of recent discussion has been to make them clear), it follows that what can be done to improve the situation must by all means be attempted.

One concedes in advance that ultimate success cannot be guaranteed. Today nobody knows what may be the immediate fortunes of either the Church or of civilization. That is, we are living in an historical moment when the ways of Providence with mankind have once more become inscrutable. There are those who say that all higher learning is, at the moment, frivolous; and it was a well-educated German official who declared, when the great Pergamon Museum in Berlin was opened, that such endeavors could hardly be justified in the kind of world we now inhabit. In all probability "culture" will be regarded with increasing pessimism, especially by young people; but whether this scrutiny will eventually be destructive, or what is termed constructive, criticism, no man can tell. But one thing the Catholic will always remember: in an era as dark and harassed as any we can imagine as possibly successive to our own chaotic present, the Church took the lamp of culture even into its own sanctuaries. It guarded as sacred all it had been able to rescue of antique learning, and this it did because of its deep reverence for every trace of the Sacred Spirit on earth—for the journeys of the "hidden Logos" through the human mind.

Perhaps some such awareness of the hour, and of the destinies which burden this hour, moved the bishops to agree that material aid should be granted the Catholic University of America. The development program has been drawn up and endorsed at two meetings; and

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while the general business situation will probably hamper action for some time to come, there is no doubt something has been started which it is within the power of American Catholics to carry through. If a sense of the importance of what is here contemplated were aroused in all, those who could afford no money would (like the builders of Chartres) bring their stone or their day's work. Without financial help, no significant advance can be expected. There is a level of independence and (let us say) tranquillity below which neither scholarship nor creative activity are, in the long run, possible; and it was not mere chance which led Saint Francis, the apostle of poverty, to disclaim learning for his followers. Of course we do not by any means conclude that the richest colleges will be the best, or the most expensive professors the worthiest. The Catholic University will manage very well without the resources of Harvard, but it will never do a dollar's worth of work for a cent.

In short, the resolution adopted by the bishops is a reminder that what is needed by the university can be supplied. But if the new project is to be not merely an order from on high but a goal toward which the public sets out enthusiastically; if the object is to create vitality of a lasting sort as well as possessions—then it is imperative to try to imagine what the university will be like, and what kind of work it can becomingly do. Perhaps—we speak tentatively—this is, as yet, by no means as clear as it should be. When Washington was first thought of as a site of higher Catholic learning, the men who sponsored the idea faced quite a different problem from any that is now real. Nor were they wholly aware of the difficulties which would have to be met and conquered. Are we any surer of what we want, and of the methods for getting what we want, than they were? If we answer negatively, that involves no criticism of the university authorities. The problems are familiar enough to them. It is no secret that they have reflected long and earnestly on how to solve these problems. The point is public unawareness, public indifference, public unpreparedness.

One thinks, then, that the work to be done by the Catholic University is similar to that now being attempted by the modern university in general. This may be defined very briefly as training a group of men to use instruments with the help of which certain valuable intellectual and cultural results may be expected. Accuracy is one of these instruments, comparison on the widest possible basis is another. For instance, men may have grown accustomed (a) to granting especial authoritativeness to a certain philosopher and (b) of attributing to this philosopher a statement which does not conform with the nature of his teaching in general. The university will determine whether or not the statement is spurious, and make clear what the attitude of the given philosopher on this question really is. Obviously no one university will be able to examine all such questions, or set itself up as the sole authority on even any one branch of knowledge. It will be judged—and so will justify its existence—by the quality of its achievement in such work as it undertakes.

Now since the limitations are obvious, the idea easily suggests itself that the Catholic University might devote itself to those forms of theological, philosophic and historical research which have a special bearing upon religion. It would then become a kind of institute for developing essential knowledge about the Church. But though such work is immensely valuable and must be undertaken, the Catholic University will cease to be a university as soon as it adopts such a program. While in our more realistic age, Newman's conception of higher learning is no longer entirely practicable, the fact which the great cardinal particularly emphasized continues to be a fact: Catholic culture is a synthesis, for reasons suggested by the sacred destiny of the Church in history. It has always placed the accent on the person, not on the branch of knowledge or the topic under discussion, and it has held, on better grounds than can be formulated in a syllogism, that the end of the human mind is to know God through knowing a hierarchically ordered cosmos. The old phrase to the effect that the wise man considers no human thing uninteresting means, from a spiritual point of view, that the wise man never turns up his nose at any snapshot of Divine energy and purpose. And so we may say that precisely because the Catholic University must express the Catholic personality as the secular university expresses the humanistic personality, it cannot make itself an "institute" however valuable.

That is why there is a definite place for such a university in the general American educational scheme. The Catholic will not be indifferent to learning elsewhere, set himself apart from it, profess to be contemptuous of it because (in all truth) he is afraid of it. He will be eagerly concerned with the fruits of knowledge garnered elsewhere, if only because he is faithful to his own traditional principle. Rivalry, differences of opinion, sharp rejection of certain conclusions there will desirably be. But, at least until the conditions of civilization are altered, no valid work done by higher learning can be ignored. It is precisely because one sees the opportunity for coöperation in the best sense between the Catholic and the humanistic personality (the word humanistic being used here without reference to any one group outside the Church) that one welcomes the restoration of the idea of the Catholic University.

But are such matters likely to stir the public? Perhaps not, in themselves. It is only when they are termed indispensable agents of the Church's appeal to the people of the United States—an appeal which is nothing else than the generosity of one who has much to give—that they enkindle the imagination. Let us boldly revive the old, simple word "Truth." Let us set no limits to its meaning, but watch it expand farther than the orbits of stars and deeper than the recesses of the soul. And let us say that the time is at hand when, in varied ways, this Truth can be especially served.

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PLAINCHANT AND BEETHOVEN

By KENNETH RYAN

AMONG the best-known anecdotes about Ludwig van Beethoven is one which tells how people wept when he played. As a virtuoso of supreme ability, he could cast the magic spell at will. Yet he scorned bitterly the weaklings, as he called them, who broke into tears. "That is the part of a weak nature," he said in effect, "artists must be made of iron and fire." He was a man capable of musical ecstasies, even while strolling in the countryside, which caused him to cry aloud in such a manner as to frighten the placid cattle. Why should he scoff at humanity which melted to tears at his pianistic wizardry?

To know the answer we must realize that all great music sings the songs of Sion by the streams of Babylon, that the great souls of music were men of a faith unknown to lesser mortals, and that, as Thompson says, "all our songs but chaplet some decay."

Even for so direct a question our answer must go begging back to a distinction in the most approved Scholastic manner. There are two kinds of music, "absolute" and "program." Beethoven was playing the former kind. Though Prokopfiev exorcises his delightful devils, we must insist, and most music critics in their more serious moments will agree, that absolute music is the higher form of art. The ordinary basis for this belief is a general notion that absolute music is in some way purer, more in the nature of art for art's sake, that it is sheer beauty in sound. All that is true, but there is a more fundamental distinction. Explained in terms of Scholastic philosophy, the distinction lies in the diversity of the "objects" of the two forms of the musical art. The thing, the idea, i.e., the object, which they respectively portray, is in each case on a different plane.

It is the function, speaking in general terms, of program music to depict something definite in such a way that there is no doubt left in the hearer's mind as to what is being translated into music. The onrush of a transcontinental railroad train, the aforementioned devils, and definite things like these are usually the subjects of the programmatist's art. The writer of absolute music, on the contrary, is striving toward the expression of an object far higher, something so elevated that it is, strictly speaking, beyond his hope of attaining it. He strives to express absolute beauty, a perfection of beauty which is not found on this earth, but only, we say it naively, in heaven or God. It is this distinction of purpose, not merely the fact that one form is accompanied by an explanatory printed program, that most sharply differentiates program from absolute music, and makes absolute music the higher form of art. When we speak in a solemn way of music, we usually have the absolute form in mind. The other form is largely for amusement.

The feeling of discontent, of yearning, of sorrow even, which comes to the hearer of highly absolute and good music proves the point. The listener is enraptured, perhaps made happier than he has ever been before, but nevertheless feels that he has sensed only the bouquet of some unknown ambrosia. He knows then the age-old longing for the perfect happiness that was lost to man at the Fall. The sorrow that came to Beethoven's listeners was a nostalgia for their heavenly home. His music was absolute and great enough to remind them forcibly of the existence somewhere of an apotheosis of music. Their human feelings gave way to their sense of loss.

True program music is based, if it pertains to sorrow at all, on some definite and personal emotion —a thing insignificant in comparison with the world-ennui that comes with the suggestion of perfect happiness found in absolute music. We may say that absolute music universalizes emotions, that no truly absolute production can be written with exclusive reference to a particular event. Beethoven tore the dedication to Napoleon from the score of the "Eroica" when Napoleon declared himself emperor and ceased then to be a hero to the composer. It is extremely likely that it would have been torn off anyway. The "Eroica" is bigger than any one man. Its dominant feeling is the *Sehnsucht* of the German, a longing to be in intimacy with the object of affection. Only because the object is perfection unattainable on earth, is the emotion of that symphony so poignant. The work is a universalized *Sehnsucht*. Had it reference only to an individual who can say how much its goodness would fade? *Sehnsucht* has been the cause of much idolatry, the worshipers of the golden calf wanted a god they could touch, but it has been to men who knew the folly of idolatry, the fountain of artistic wisdom. It has been the constant and only inspiration of men who knew that Beauty was God, to be longed for but never beatifically possessed on this earth.

This explains the appeal of most of Beethoven's music. *Sehnsucht* was the quickening spirit of his art, and for him music was life. Like life, it brought him joy and sorrow at the same time. Music brought him "the essence of all suffering, which is joy." Only a poet could have phrased that thought so perfectly, but Beethoven expresses it over and over again. In it lies a mysterious truth which the composer saw as clearly as any man can see a mystery. His vision, piercing deeper than that of his auditors, saw the smoldering core of mysterious joy in his own most poignant touches. He knew that the very real sense of pain that comes from high musical art is a purgative suffering, that we are saddened that we may know joy. We can explain the weeping of his hearers by saying that they

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felt a sense of loss, his music told them of a happiness which they did not possess but for which they longed to the point of tears. We may explain the stifling of the greater emotion of the master by saying that he took things in their proper proportion. He would not weep because of his joy in the certainty that somewhere there was perfect beauty. He would not revel in the joy thus brought him because he did not yet possess this Perfection, and indeed could not be sure that he ever would possess It.

This superior understanding, of course, came from his genius. All great artists are supplied with a high degree of what Saint John of the Cross calls *delgadez,* a subtlety of the soul and a refinement of the faculties of knowing and willing which makes the artist more like God than are other men. His religion and morals have no relation to this quality. Even the devil, because he is a spirit, is possessed of more of this than are men. Nevertheless, the superior faculties of the artist give him a higher sense of natural religion than it is the lot of ordinary men to own, for unlike the devil he is not turned irrevocably from God. He more keenly realizes than do other men the existence of the one Perfection, the Beauty, Which is God. From this knowledge he draws joy and sorrow, joy that so great a Good exists, sorrow that he is not sure of Its attainment. He will therefore abandon himself neither to sorrow nor to joy. His *delgadez* reinforces his mind and will enable him to look "with wide eyes calm upon the whole of things."

It may be difficult at first to see anything but contrast between Beethoven and the men who composed the plainsong of the Church, but we are sure of one thing they possessed in common—*delgadez.* The latter had a revealed, we might say, or a supernatural, *delgadez.* As a result both saw that emotion unrestrained would not be truth, that sorrow without joy was absurd, and that joy without sorrow was not possible on earth.

The makers of the liturgical music kept this always in mind, never allowing emotion to run away with the intellect. On Easter, the most joyous feast of the year, the plainchant of the beginning of Matins and of the Communion of the Mass is in the sorrowful sixth mode—the one used for the Passion. There is an undertone of sorrow even in the "Victimae Paschali Laudes"; it is in the first mode which when used with the second as in this sequence has always a touch of sadness. There is, conversely, a surge of tempered joy to be detected even in the "Christus Factus Est" of Holy Week. On Good Friday night there is added to that lament the words, "for which cause God hath exalted Him, and given Him a Name which is above all names." The meaning of the words is reflected in the music, a joyful lift and surge which seems to draw our eyes from Christ suffering to Christ eternally glorious. Even that overwhelming joy, the message of the Gospel, the "good news" of the eternal bliss that awaits the good Christian, is tempered when it takes the form of song. The Church is wise; of all the modes of chant only the eighth is completely joyful in character. For the most part the Church sings her songs of Sion in sorrowful minor keys.

This balancing is only one of the means the plainchant musicians used in order to keep in their work a definitely restrained character. Further illustration may be found in the technicalities of melody. In general, the intervals between successive notes are small. The octave is extremely rare and the sixth far from frequent. Apart from these exceptions we may say that the greater the interval, the greater is the emotional tension. Thus, the "O" antiphons of Advent have intervals of a fourth at their opening, while the "Puer Natus Est" Introit of Christmas opens with a fifth. However, the smallness of the usual interval gives the average selection of plainchant a restrained and quiet character. The keynote of the Church's message to men is peace, and this general restraint of her song fits her message well. Take the "Pater Noster," the perfect prayer—when sung it has only second intervals except between phrases. The "Our Father" is the Lord's own prayer and the unerring instinct of the Church musicians gave it voice in a melody expressive of unending peace. A parallel in secular music is to be found in the last movement of Beethoven's "Ninth Symphony." The "Hymn to Joy" comes when the composer, in a mad endeavor to express the unexpressible, bursts into articulate words. Despite the bounding of his spirit, his music for the refrain of the hymn has only small intervals, mostly seconds. It has, as a result, the nursery rhyme sublimity of "Alice in Wonderland," Shakespeare's songs, Francis Thompson's quatrains, and—plainchant.

There is one underlying reason for Beethoven's refusal to weep, for the simplicity of the sublime "Hymn to Joy," and for the perfection of plainchant as religious music. It is this—the extremes of emotion must always be tinged with despair or with premature presumptious joy. Presumption and despair are sins, to portray them is to point downward. Hope is their golden mean and is a virtue. When we sing the chant of the Church, we more than express, we actually exercise, the virtue of hope. For all good music is prayer, absolute music may be said to be a prayer of the natural religion of man, and the chant a prayer of our revealed religion. Good prayer, at one with absolute music and plainchant, neither presumes nor despairs, it looks to God and hopes.

The Time

Rainfall in the larkspur, now,
With silver turning into blue,
Is what has marked this moment off
For me and you
Who have no need of clocks and bells
To name the number of the hour:
For us, the time is silver rain
On a blue flower.

DAVID MORTON.

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SUMMER MUSINGS ON DEMOCRACY

By WILLIAM C. MURPHY, JR.

IT DISTURBS school-book conceptions to be informed that the Honorable Joseph R. Grundy, erstwhile tariff lobbyist and senator from Pennsylvania, practises a more rigid code of political ethics than some of the demi-gods who are catalogued as founders of this republic.

Grundy, while senator, refused to vote on some woolen tariff rates for which he had lobbied before his appointment—and in which he had a personal financial interest. But, according to reliable historians, members of the First Congress in 1789-1790 had no scruples about voting for Alexander Hamilton's project to redeem the depreciated revolutionary debt at par—though many of the members held these securities, purchased in some instances for as little as $.10 or $.15 on the dollar.

This is only one of the disturbing reflections called forth by a study of that most piquant document, the "Journal of William Maclay."

Maclay, in many respects entitled to be called a pre-Jeffersonian Democrat, was one of the first senators from Pennsylvania. He lasted only two years in the Senate—not much longer than Grundy—having drawn one of the short terms in the first classification by lot and being denied reëlection because his rather primitive and rugged democracy offended the money power of Philadelphia. But while he was in the Senate he kept a diary, which has come down to us as his "Journal," and in which he sets forth his estimates of men and manners of those heroic times in a style that is always informative, frequently entertaining, and not infrequently caustic.

From an examination of the "Journal" one may formulate the rather trite axiom that human nature, as exemplified in politics, is the one constant factor running unchanged through all ages and all forms of government. Politics borrows and expands nature's famous first law, whether it be in votes to line one's own pockets by funding a depreciated revolutionary debt at par or in approval of sumptuary legislation or hare-brained economic schemes promoted by organized and vociferous groups threatening defeat to those who oppose their demands.

Maclay, listening sardonically to Ames of Massachusetts, a security holder, invoking "public faith" and "honor" in support of the Hamiltonian debt funding plan, commented tartly:

> The opposition are governed by principle, but I fear in this case interest will outweigh principle.

Anyway, Hamilton's scheme prevailed. Maclay was fighting more or less in the dark because Hamilton kept the account books securely guarded in the Treasury, but the suspicion of congressional self-interest has been verified by later historians. So eminent an authority as Charles A. Beard declares:

> Of the twenty-six senators who composed the upper house as fully organized, at least sixteen were security owners and of the fourteen senators who voted in favor of the assumption bill in July, 1790, ten were security holders. In the House of Representatives, more than one-half of the members were owners of federal paper.

Maclay was particularly disgusted with "Bonny Johnny Adams," as he christened the first Vice-President, chiefly because Adams wanted a "throne" erected in the Senate Chamber for President Washington and tried to induce Congress to approve a set of high-sounding titles for the President, the Vice-President and other federal officials. The simple title of "President" did not seem adequate to Adams who reminded the Senate that there were presidents of fire companies and cricket clubs. "His Elective Highness" or "His Highness the President of the United States of America and Protector of the Rights of the Same" were two of the labels which, but for the determined opposition of Maclay and a few others, might be borne by President Hoover today.

Adams, to be sure, had his moments of glory. Maclay describes a dinner given by President Washington, noting of the latter that

> . . . every interval of eating or drinking he played on the table with a fork or knife like a drumstick. . . . Next to him, on his right, sat Bonny Johnny Adams, ever and anon mantling his visage with the most unmeaning simper that ever dimpled the face of folly.

Maclay regarded the federal government as, at best, a necessary nuisance and thought its functions should be restricted as much as possible. The establishment of federal departments and bureaus he considered to be a method of providing political patronage—a theory which has had some more recent proponents. Thus we find him confiding to his diary on April 15, 1790:

> Infatuated people that we are! The first thing done under our new government was the creation of a vast number of offices and officers: a Treasury dilated into as many branches as interest could frame; a Secretary of War should lack employment. Foreign entanglements, of State, and all these men labor in their several vocations. Hence we must have a mass of national debt to employ the Treasury, an army for fear the Department of War should lack employment. Foreign entanglements, too, must be attended to, to keep up the consequences of that Secretary. The next cry will be for an Admiralty.

Even in those days there seems to have been pressure on the government to take care of ex-service men, notably the organization of the Cincinnati, composed of

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former revolutionary officers. A bill to authorize the appointment of some Indian superintendents in the old Northwest Territory, drew from Maclay the acid observation:

> It really seems as if we were to go on making offices until all the Cincinnati are provided for.

What a time Maclay would have in the Senate today discussing governmental economy in connection with the present size of the federal bureaucracy!

Another of Maclay's theories was that the then infant republic could well borrow from the ancient wisdom of the Chinese. That suggestion was evoked by proposals to enter into commercial treaties—in which he saw danger of becoming involved in foreign quarrels. Maclay observed on June 18, 1789:

> China, geographically speaking, may be called the counterpart of our American world. Oh, that we could make her policy the political model of our conduct with respect to other nations—ready to dispose of her superfluities to all the world! She stands committed by no engagements to any foreign part of it: dealing with every comer, she seems to say, "We trade with you and you with us, while common interest sanctifies the connection; but that dissolved, we know no other engagement."

A proposal to encourage New England fisheries appealed to Maclay as a device to train seamen with the idea of establishing an American navy, and he broke out in an anti-military tirade with an anti-Malthusian annex. He wrote:

> It seems we must soon forego our republican innocence, and, like all other nations, set apart a portion of our citizens for the purpose of inflicting misery on our fellow mortals. This practice is felony to posterity. The men so devoted are not only cut off, but a proportionate share of women remain unmatched.

Affairs of state did not absorb all of Maclay's keen powers of observation. The fripperies of New York, where Congress sat at first, went against the grain of his rural Pennsylvania simplicity. When one of his friends succumbed to the lure of the infant metropolis, his diary had to bear the brunt of his ire. On June 5, 1790, he recorded:

> I had promised Mrs. Bell to go with her to the Hall [Senate] and I called about ten for that purpose. Mrs. Bell, however, could not go this day, and I found her as finicking and fickle as the finest lady among them, with a bunch of bosom and bulk of cotton that never was warranted by any feminine appearance in nature. She had learned the New York walk to a tittle; bent forward at the middle, she walked as they all do, just as if some disagreeable disorder prevented them from standing erect.

Possibly Maclay was sometimes suspicious of himself, for he followed this realistic description of the early American Grecian bend by asking his diary:

> Is it ill nature or what that inclines me to assign this fashion to a cause of this kind?

Even Jefferson, who later echoed many of Maclay's views and formulated them into the program which wrecked the Hamiltonian régime, drew slight praise from this dour old Pennsylvania puritan. Describing his first view of Jefferson when the latter, as Secretary of State, appeared before a Senate committee, Maclay wrote:

> He had a rambling vacant look, and nothing of that firm, collected deportment which I expected would dignify the presence of a secretary or minister.
>
> I looked for gravity but a laxity of manner seemed shed about him. He spoke almost without ceasing. But even his discourse partook of his personal demeanor. It was loose and rambling and yet he scattered information wherever he went—and even some brilliant sentiments . . .

It is not surprising that Maclay expressed relief on his retirement from the Senate, albeit his "Journal" during the last few months of his service abounds in bitter references to the Pennsylvania legislature which had manifested an intention to elect someone else:

> As I left the Hall I gave it a look with that kind of satisfaction which a man feels on leaving a place where he has been ill at ease, being fully satisfied that many a culprit has served two years at the wheelbarrow without feeling half the pain and mortification that I experienced in my honorable station.

Thus he wrote of his exit on the last day of his term.

The Conqueror

Be proud to live alone.
Be murdered and undone,

But do not seek escape,
In visionary shape.

Be brave, and do not keep
A guardian for your sleep.

Preserve your promised word
Brighter than a sword,

Your lively mirrors chaste,
Uncheckered to the last.

Erase the shape of doom
From the walls of your room;

Constrain the willing blood
To virtue's platitude.

Beneath a sturdy roof
Live unconfused, aloof,

The dreaming heart, the sense
Remote from all pretense.

O fear no little death,
But live by truer faith

And find through pure control
The measure of your soul!

THEODORE ROETHKE.

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THE PAN-EUROPEAN MOVEMENT

By GERHARD HIRSCHFELD

Efforts to unite Europe economically and politically have been discussed since the close of the war by increasing numbers of economists and men of affairs. To date, however, practical action has remained impossible. Why? In the following paper, Mr. Hirschfeld points out that there are three conflicting conceptions of what Pan-Europe might desirably be. He concludes: "The problem of Pan-Europe comes down to the extremely difficult formula of a Franco-German understanding." And so we also arrive at the basis for better future relations between America and the Old World.—The Editors.

TO UNITE Europe is an old, old thought. But the thought, selfish or unselfish as it was, never impressed by its practicability. Either the poets sang of the golden age when the lion and the lamb, and France and Germany, would love each other; or the emperors thought it a fine idea to incorporate some nations by the simple expedient of treaties, alliances and enticing promises, from Charlemagne down to Wilhelm the Last.

Only in recent years has the thought gained practical momentum. Reality has much to do with it. The old Continent, seen as a whole, faces the grim reality of a clash between three forces. In the east there is France, today the outstanding power in Europe. In the west looms large and threatening the Soviet Union. And between the two powers, there is a colorful conglomeration of nations and people, not definitely shaped nor uniformly directed, and that is Central Europe.

There may be altruism in the idea of Pan-Europism but it has little, if anything, to do with present trends. Much may depend upon good-will and patience and tolerance but their influence will have little bearing, indeed, upon the ultimate outcome. It is still politics and it is very clearly the national interest which is the real power behind any scheme advanced for the sake of a united Europe. It is, then, natural that as soon as a step in the direction toward Pan-Europe is taken, another force pops up trying to cancel it and suggesting, at the same time, a step also in the forward direction but along a different political road.

Since with the European nations it seems all-important to know in advance which way to travel, and since the fact of progress made and of ground gained is, apparently, of secondary urgency, it becomes clear that little will or can be accomplished as long as the nations stick to matters of choice instead of matters of fact. By the same token, it is quite useless to argue about the various roads that would ultimately lead to a united Europe because there are hundreds of them. It is as wise to discuss possible reasons for the outbreak of the next war; they are plentiful. However, it takes certain forces to produce a war: money and munitions, arms and armies, are not everything. If we cannot add boiling nationalism or a revenge-thirsty people, economic rivalry or the spirit of conquest, all the possibilities for the next war may prove false.

So, let us try to look at the forces which are at work behind the Pan-European ambition. There are, broadly speaking, three of them: the Central European viewpoint, the French attitude and the Anglo-American outlook. While only the first two are directly interested and affected by a union, whereas the latter stands somewhat outside Pan-European boundaries (Great Britain having her empire and the United States her continent), they all follow definite policies, they all either want to protect or to create interests.

The Central European viewpoint is largely furnished by Germany and generally agreed to by Italy, Austria and, possibly, Hungary. They are unanimous that the Versailles Treaty has done them wrong, that they have been betrayed and that this must be adjusted before a European union can be realized. All of them are inferior in power to France; with the exception of Italy they are defeated nations. And though among the victors, Mussolini claims that his country shares the lot of the vanquished.

Right or wrong, these nations make it their business to improve their condition. If I am a beginner in the ancient sport of tennis, I want to play with a better man much as he may dislike it. If the end of the war and the subsequent inflation period found the aforementioned nations far below their 1913 position, they want to come up to former standards no matter what those who are far above their pre-war status have to say in the way of treaties, a lost war and so on.

Today, whatever prestige and influence the Central European nations have is overshadowed by the outstanding power on the Continent: France. Accordingly, in their terms, balance is and must be the first step on the road that leads to Pan-Europe. If France does not agree to it, there is only one alternative: to form a counter-alliance and to transfer the problem of balance on the Continent from the purely national aspect (France versus Germany, for instance) to the broader platform of international coalitions. It is important to bear this Central European demand for balance in mind, for it instantly rolls up the whole complex of disarmament and minorities, of war guilt, the Versailles Treaty and a score of other problems.

How can there be any talk of equality, Germans repeat, if one nation has an army running into millions of soldiers with the most up-to-date equipment in modern warfare, from poison gas and airplanes to tanks and U-boats, while the other is holding the bag containing a meager national guard of 100,000 cops? How can anyone even dream of equality if there are millions of Germans incorporated in alien national-

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ities, if the Reich is cut into half by the Danzig Corridor, if a sister tribe, Austria, is reduced from a proud and powerful nation to something hardly more than a capital, if reparations all but block the way to prosperity, etc. etc.

There can be, in the German opinion, no distant semblance of balance as long as Germany has to shoulder the whole burden of war guilt, as long as she bears the brunt of the weight of the Treaty of Versailles, as long as the two nations which by logic and common sense should be the big brother and the big sister of the European family, are separated by the widest gap in military, political, economic and financial power and prestige.

And as there is no readiness on the part of "the big sister" to yield to German argumentation, Germany goes ahead, proposes a customs union with Austria, and invites all and sundry to join the company, well knowing that such invitation can be considered seriously only by those in whose partnership Germany is interested: Italy, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Turkey, all nations which would not threaten German predominance. France could never join the German conception of Pan-Europe under the slogan of *égalité* without seriously endangering her present hegemony. It is easy to see that the German procedure is much more in the nature of a counter-alliance though the name of a "first step toward Pan-Europe" sounds well enough to mislead the innocent hearer.

The French attitude represents the other extreme. The war has been won. And what would be a war and why fight it at all if the fruits of victory are to be wasted and given away free to those who came out at the short end? The war has established France as the predominant power on the Continent. This, in French opinion, is a matter of fact as well as of history. No use quarreling about it, things should be left the way they are, according to every law of justice, of logic and of honesty. Treaties are treaties or else they should not be signed. As it is, the Treaty of Versailles was signed by Germany, and that settles the argument.

Thus is produced the French attitude of the status quo as compared with the Central European position of "balance above everything." Accordingly, the French scheme of Pan-Europe is based on present conditions which show France the dominating power in the west and French influence, as reflected in treaties, loans, credits and alliances, in the eastern nations, principally Poland, Jugoslavia, Czechoslovakia and Rumania. As a French ally, Belgium must be mentioned, too.

On this basis, France is willing to let other nations in. If the status quo is not touched, France will grant loans, she will enter into friendly agreements, she will consider tariff reductions and will do her utmost to unite ailing Europe—under French patronage. How far this French proposition is from realization, is indicated by the fact that Germany during her recent crisis and at the very point of revolution, bluntly rejected the bitterly needed loans because she would not recognize this status quo. If Germany did not yield to France in the face of national ruin, one can imagine how much chance France has to get Germany into this Pan-Europe of hers under better and more stabilized conditions.

Quite naturally, France is not willing to discuss disarmament for it would, always in the French light, impede her security. The war guilt is definitely established because Germany signed to it black on white. The Treaty of Versailles must stand because it liquidates the war and to touch it means to provoke another outbreak of hostilities. Minorities are but a consequence of a lost war and the subsequent treaty. The abyss between the two age-old antagonists becomes clearly seen, and no step has been taken yet to bridge it.

In the meantime, France goes ahead just as Germany has done, and starts a Pan-Europe of her own. Briand has gone out of his way to solve the agricultural problems of the eastern Allies in which connection the French franc plays an important part. Loans are constantly pouring into the coffers of the small and suffering nations on the Balkan Peninsula, thus strengthening the ties with the great protector in the west. Non-aggression pacts are exchanged with Great Britain and other nations, and just at the time of this writing, another pact is under way with the Soviet Union.

It is interesting to observe that the plight of the Central European nations is distinctly of an economic nature. They maintain that they can neither live nor die under present conditions; and this economic misery gives strength to their political maneuvering. The contrary is true of France. She stresses her political predominance and gives it due expression in her economic transactions, loans, credits, supplies and so on.

The interest of Great Britain as well as of the United States is purely economic. They want stabilized markets and pacified nations. The United States is out for stabilized markets in order to sell some of her surplus production. Great Britain has her hands full with her own empire and has neither time nor a great amount of sympathy with the Continental quarrels. The British sentiment is largely on the side of Central Europe, partly because France looks to John Bull all too powerful and predominant, and partly because balance on the continent is the A and O of British policy for ages. The American position has never been very clearly defined aside from a strong desire to keep out of the muddle. It seems safe to say that the United States will, in the end, lean to the sort of solution which is fairest and most logical to all concerned. And since this is not clear at all at the present time, and since the German-French rivalry apparently has not reached the bottom by any stretch of the imagination, the United States will not be counted upon to take much of a chance just now.

But the very fact that Great Britain as well as the United States is somewhat impartial in the controversy, may indicate a possible solution. The German crisis has largely been overcome through American intervention, viz. the debt moratorium, and through the

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influence of MacDonald in bringing about German-French harmony regarding the "freezing" of short-term credits. By the same token, such British-American weight of influence could well serve, in the World Court and, later on, possibly in the League of Nations to temper the heated discussions now characteristic of such German-French negotiations as are taking place.

Other trends in the Pan-European movement should be mentioned. There is the fear that the United States, if allowed to proceed at the present pace (and which single nation could stop it?), will little by little swallow Europe, economically speaking. They are well aware on the Continent that the film industry has been more or less shot to pieces; the European automobile industry is very much handicapped by American competition; and so with vacuum cleaners and refrigerators, with textiles and a hundred other commodities. Therefore, there is a tendency to form a European bloc which would be distinctly anti-American in scope and policy.

Then again, the growth of an industrialized Russia fills the hearts of European business leaders and statesmen with fear. While the Soviet Union is readily taking American and European loans and credits with the right hand, she is pouring matches and lumber and textiles and grain at ridiculously low prices on the harassed and almost suffocating markets of Europe with the left. The proposition is therefore widely circulated and frequently discussed to establish an embargo on Russian goods and to discontinue the granting of loans and credits until such time that the Soviet Union is willing to coöperate with European interests instead of insisting on her dumping policy.

That a Pan-European movement is under way, no one can deny. But it is taken as a political measure by the two leading powers without which a union is unthinkable. Whereas such movement should be viewed as a superpolitical, a supernational step, with economic problems occupying a ringside seat, the Germans view it as a means to get back to power and predominance, and the French see it only as a stabilizer of hegemony.

These terms are inreconcilable, and the problem of Pan-Europe comes thus down to the extremely difficult formula of a Franco-German understanding. Their difficulties are today largely of a political nature. And we must, perhaps, wait till the economic situation in Europe grows worse before the two powers are willing to make mutual sacrifices, thus clearing the path for an understanding on the realization of a Pan-Europe.

MY APOLOGIES TO SAINT JOHN

By HELEN WALKER HOMAN

I REALLY owe you an apology, Saint John—you, the author of the beautiful Gospel—you, the writer of the Apocalypse and the three Epistles. But there have been others, too, who've owed you apologies, yet who've seldom had the grace to admit it. So I'm hoping that the very surprise of being asked will startle you into granting your pardon.

Think, before you refuse, of all those people who, for centuries, have busied their unpleasant selves in trying to prove that you never wrote your own Gospel. They've written libraries full of books, which in turn are full of arguments—as unconvincing as herds of centaurs in Central Park. Not that it's bothered you. Nevertheless, apologies have been due you, and there seem to be few instances where they've been rendered.

Even those authors who admit that you did write your own Gospel commit, with the above unattractive class, a rather wearisome gaucherie—though undoubtedly one that's well intended. Nearly all of them throw Browning at your head. They quote at length from "A Death in the Desert." Now, you might be able to stand it once, but when it occurs repeatedly in dozens of books, it's a bit thick. Even Lord Charnwood quotes poetry about and at you—you who wrote the greatest piece of poetical literature extant. Being a lord, he ought to have more savior-faire.

Before listing the affronts of which I've been guilty myself, it has seemed wise first to enumerate some of the glaring offenses of others, in the hope that my very real sympathy may soften your mood before we reach the matter of my own delinquencies. Alas, they are indeed grave. First, it has taken me all these many long years really to appreciate you. And second, as I've already confessed elsewhere, I have been at times insanely jealous of you, for Saint Peter's sake. But the affair between Saint Peter and myself, one-sided though it be, is of such long standing, having arisen in my infancy, that perhaps you will forgive this jealousy—a natural emotion to green and unseasoned affection. I hope my love for Saint Peter is now more mature, and less susceptible to unworthy elements. If it isn't, it's not his fault, I hasten to add.

The lack of appreciation of you came, I blush to admit, from never before having read the Apocalypse (which reminds me that I also think Blasco Ibáñez is among those who owe you an apology), nor your exquisite and self-illuminating Epistles. Oh, yes, times without number had I been moved to the point of tears by the beauty of your Gospel, at the end of Mass each Sunday, when reading:

> In the beginning was the Word . . . He was in the world, and the world was made by Him, and the world knew Him not. He came unto His own, and His own received Him not. . . . And we saw His glory . . . full of grace and truth.

When I would read this, I knew you were the greatest of all the Apostles, but then I'd go away, and "amid

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the cares of this world," forget for a little; and by and by begin to wonder about certain other matters concerning you. Then one day not long ago, I found your letters to "The Lady Elect" (what a charming name to give your Church!) and to Gaius. They changed everything, and my hitherto narrow horizon expanded into boundless beauty.

But to go back to those first reprehensible suspicions. It was my love for Peter that made me bitterly resent the fact that in your Gospel, although you take pains to tell all about poor Peter's denial, you never mention a word about his repentance. All the other Evangelists carefully speak about his "going out and weeping bitterly." If it hadn't been for this omission, I should have felt kindlier toward you from the beginning. And in spite of my apologies, I hope to ask you for an explanation some day.

I also confess to a mean suspicion on discovering that you were the only one of the Evangelists to refer to yourself (if only by implication) as "that Disciple whom Jesus loved." All the others are strangely silent on that point. However, a careful if somewhat tardy study of your life has amply justified your claim, and, convinced at last that it wasn't just an idle boast, I now think the least Matthew, Mark and Luke could have done was to have paid you the courtesy of mentioning that fact also.

Aside from my first ignoble doubt on this matter, neither did I like the way in which you seemed to avoid any reference to the occasions on which you were really froward and had to be rebuked. The other Evangelists are most specific on the subject of your shortcomings; but you admit nothing! It's perhaps not generous to remind you, but there was that time when the Samaritan village refused to give your Master shelter, and you, with your equally guilty brother, James, begged for the privilege of calling down fire from heaven to consume it. That was a nice, Christian wish, John; and you received a proper scolding. One is glad to observe that it had an effect; for in later years you preached only love. Was it perhaps this bloodthirsty impulse of yours toward the unwary Samaritans that prompted your Master to call you and James, *Boanerges,* Sons of Thunder? Or was the name given you because you possessed powers of oratory? Or because of your deplorable tendency to call certain people "liars"? I hope you will tell me some day. It's a question that has puzzled me greatly.

We have Saint Mark's word for it that there was another occasion when you had to be put in your place. Seeing a man, not a follower of your Master, casting out devils in His name, you very loftily forbade any such performance. The Gospel does not state, but I very much hope you hastened back, after being reprimanded with the words, "He that is not against Me is for Me," and told the poor man he could go on with the good work.

On reading this item it also appears that just previously, as you were walking with the other Apostles to Capharnaum, you and they had been indulging in an argument concerning which of you should be the greatest. You thought it was just a little private discussion among yourselves, and were rather taken aback when, on arrival, the Master asked you: "What did you treat of in the way?" Not one of you had the courage to own up, and you, like a small boy who had been into mischief, hastily endeavored to change the subject, introducing this topic of forbidding the outsider to cast out devils—in the belief, no doubt, that it would distract His attention and win you commendation! (It's not a cheerful thought to recollect how frequently I've acted likewise under somewhat similar circumstances.)

It may well be that these peccadillos of yours are excusable as being mere evidences of the thoughtless impetuosity of youth. You were certainly the youngest of any of His immediate followers, though that does not at all imply that you lacked decision and courage, for when Christ called you from your father's boat, wherein you and James were occupied in mending nets, you "forthwith left nets and father, and followed Him." It would indeed be a malicious person who might suggest that you had become a bit bored, mending nets—still, youth is notoriously reluctant to perform such family chores, and frankness compels me to admit that more than once this thought has bothered me. Yet even in such relentless moods, I've always clung firmly to the realization that you were the first of the Apostles to believe that Christ had truly risen, and the first to recognize Him later from the boat, as He stood, waiting for all of you, on the shore. The gladness of your glorious cry rang out over the waters, its echoes never to die: "It is the Lord."

On the matter of your aforementioned juvenile traits, there is evidence that you retained some of your youthful impetuosity for some years after you grew older and should have known better—for a story is current that one day you entered the baths and were very much annoyed to find there Cerinthus, the heretic, who also had been moved by the desire to bathe. It is said that you rushed from the building, crying: "I fear to stay under the same roof with Cerinthus, lest it should fall in upon me!" Perhaps I should not ask, but did you think that was any way to win over a heretic?

According to the records, the other Apostles were very much annoyed with you and James, because of your insatiable ambition at one time, but even in my most uncharitable moments, I never believed that you concocted this scheme of asking Our Lord for seats at His right and left hand. I prefer to accept Saint Matthew's account that it was your adoring, if misguided, mother who made the request. It would be quite like a mother—and leads to the suspicion that yours spoiled you, John, for you were the youngest child, and she was well able to do so because your father, Zebedee, was a man of substance, employing men to operate his fishing boats.

It appears that, no matter how you try, you cannot put forth the same claim to democracy as the other

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Apostles, for even you admit that you were "known to the high priest"; and it is presumed that you were able to gain admission into his palace during the trial only because of this somewhat snobbish and unfair advantage. You did, however, come out and speak to the portress, assuring her that Peter was "all right," and bidding her admit him also. I've often thought it was perhaps her disagreeable attitude which wore down his courage to such an extent that the poor man was driven, a few minutes later, into his lamentable denial. Like many of her terrifying profession, she probably demanded all sorts of social credentials from any who sought to enter those select precincts.

Of the happenings that closely preceded this, Saint Mark recounts one in which many believe you were the chief actor. The band sent by the chief priests had seized Jesus, and "His disciples, leaving Him, all fled away. But a certain young man followed Him, having a linen cloth cast about his naked body, and they laid hold on him. But he, casting off the linen cloth, fled from them naked." Somehow, you seemed to be always running—and very well, at that, as is evidenced from the race in which you outran Peter to see if the Sepulcher was really empty. But as you were so much younger, I never thought it was a victory to boast of.

So much for my early suspicions of you—and when I realize what a charming old man you grew to be, I'm ashamed of myself. There is that lovely story told by Eusebius, which relates that you, converting a likely young man, went on your journeys, leaving him in the charge of one of your bishops. Returning to that church some time later, you did not find him, but were not to be put off by the bishop's evasions:

"He is dead," said the bishop, briefly.

"How dead?" you firmly demanded.

"Dead to God," reluctantly admitted the bishop.

On pressing for details, you learned that the young man had fallen into evil ways, got into trouble with the authorities, and had fled to the mountains, where he had become the chief of a notorious band of brigands. You weren't going to allow anything like that to happen to one of your converts, and heedless of protests and fears for your safety, you set out for the bandit lair. You got yourself captured and brought before the murderous chief, who, when he saw you, did a surprising thing. He actually turned tail and ran away as fast as he could! But you, still adept as a sprinter, ran after the poor, terrified brigand and captured him—in more ways than one, for he returned with you, weeping, to the good life. Dear Saint John, you would be such a help to us in these lawless days, if only we had you here!

When you were a very old man, too feeble to preach any longer, you would have yourself carried into the churches, only in order to say one thing to your flock: "Little children, love one another." Someone once objected to this repetition which you had made so familiar, protesting: "Please, won't you vary the sermon a bit?" There are always people like that in every congregation, Saint John. But instead of being annoyed, you only remarked gently: "It is the Lord's command. If we fulfil it, we fulfil all things."

Somewhere it is recounted that you had a tame partridge, which you deeply loved. Now I think that's much more understandable than the attitude of those people who profess a special affection for chickens. A partridge is a more gracious bird, and you needed a pet, for you must have been lonely in those last years. All on earth whom you had especially loved, had gone —your companions of the great adventure; the Mother of your Lord; and James, your brother, who had died a martyr's death. So I like to think of the partridge perching on your shoulder when you were writing those beautiful Epistles. A venerable old man, you had come to think and write increasingly of love—though remaining enough of a "Son of Thunder" to call a liar his plain name to his face. You began your letters by calling yourself "The Ancient"—you who had been a stripling when first you heard the lessons you were passing on, in those missives. There is a lovely gentleness in the way you address "The Lady Elect," exhorting her with such phrases as "My Dearest"—imploring her to understand love. "In this we have known the charity of God, because He hath laid down His life for us; and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren. . . . My little children, let us not love in word nor in tongue, but in deed and in truth. . . . For this is the charity of God, that we keep His commandments; and His commandments are not heavy." It is evident that you, through your comprehension of love, had found them not only not heavy, but light and sweet.

So you could write in the Apocalypse those beautiful words of solace: ". . . Death shall be no more, nor mourning nor crying, nor sorrow—God shall dwell with men—and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

Dear Saint John, when I read these things, more than ever do I know that I owe you multitudinous apologies. Please try to forgive me. I've come to be really devoted to you, and I wanted you to know.

And if you happen to be seeing Saint Peter soon, will you please give him my love?

"No Man Hath Seen God"

Cloudy masks round an Alpine peak,
Huge formless fold involving fold:
The castle of God when His mood is cold,
The cavern of God when He does not speak.

In Palestrina the angel choir
Lifting together song and wing
(In Munich they made their musicking),
Their robes aflame with celestial fire!

Wandering wraiths dissolved abroad,
Visions whose focus was lost too soon,
Echoes heard of an unheard tune—
Those Alps and angels were ghosts of God.

GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE.

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THE SPANISH CORTES

By ALICE M. HOLDEN

INASMUCH as the principal business of a legislative assembly has remained essentially the same from mediaeval to modern times—that is, enacting into law the budget and the satisfaction of grievances—one may be pardoned for showing interest at this point in history, in one of the non-essentials of parliamentary activities, the form and style of their celebration. I refer to the first meeting of the newly-elected Cortes in republican Spain, held in the middle of July in the present year. A by-product in the study of comparative institutions may well consist of some attention to the setting and formalities of the Cortes of the middle ages in the light of the present day. Differences on the surface speak eloquently of divergences in the substance beneath: a radical alteration in relations between Church and State; a deep change in social emphasis, even though in the mediaeval Cortes the people, or the Third Estate, had become the determining factor in legislation; the shedding of every monarchical sign in favor of the kingless republic; and other fleeting evidences of that altered existence which has resulted from swift communication.

In the Associated Press despatch of July 14, one may read of the opening session of the new Spanish Cortes, the first since 1923 and the only republican assembly since 1873. After a stormy prelude in which it was reported that all of the 470 members were discussing on the floor, simultaneously, the newly drafted regulation for procedure, "the session opened after a colorful Cabinet parade along Madrid's troop-lined streets. Cheering crowds along the way and outside the Assembly Hall voiced the hope of the millions who two months ago overthrew the monarchy for republican government. Cannon boomed twenty-one-gun salutes as the artillery units did their share of ushering in the new day in Spain.

"Immediately after the gavel had banged in the Assembly Hall, officially opening the Cortes, Don Niceto Alcala Zamora, the white-haired Provincial President of the republic, took the floor to deliver the presidential address. . . . As the Assembly opened there were only two splashes of the color of the past visible in the scene. These were the uniforms of two 'mace bearers' who stood, dressed like the Jack of Spades, on either side of the speaker's rostrum, carrying ancient pikes and lanterns. Above them towered the two heroic statues of Ferdinand and Isabella. Otherwise the chamber was stripped of everything which savored of the days of the monarchy. Spain's first women deputies were cheered loudly as they entered the Assembly Hall. . . . Six Catholic priests, who are members of the Assembly, were present, dressed in their robes. They sat in pairs, two on Right benches, two in the Center, and two on the Left. The only untoward incidents reported up to last night were the hissing of the papal nuncio by the crowds as he entered the congressional building, and the jeering at the Civil Guards during the military parade. Both of these outbreaks were quickly drowned in clamorous waves of public enthusiasm.

"Ample precautions were taken to prevent disorders. Troops, in colorful uniforms, were brought to Madrid from barracks nearby to line the streets as the Cabinet passed from the presidential palace to the Parliament building." (From the New York *Times,* July 16, page 7. See also the London *Times*, July 14, page 16.) Radio equipment had been installed for a general broadcasting (especially to cafés and bars), but this was restricted finally with a view to public order.

The meetings are being held in the Palacio del Congreso which, unused since 1923, has been scrubbed, repaired, redecorated and, indeed, stretched in order to seat sixty-two more deputies than it formerly held in its red and blue plush assembly-room. This palace was built in the 1840's to house the lower chamber, while the senate sat in its own building, the Senado, in the Plaza de los Ministerios. Both legislative structures lack distinction. The congressional building of present use is designed along pseudo-classic lines, and modeled slightly after the Palais Bourbon, or Chamber of Deputies, in Paris. It is squat, two-storied, with a triangular tympanum over the principal façade and a broad marble-staired entrance flanked by two ferocious brass lions molded from historic cannon. The interior was handsomely furnished and contained many paintings. From it the royal insignia have been removed. Other than the figures of Ferdinand and Isabella, only one other symbol is said to remain, the royal coat of arms which is carved in the wood of the premier's desk. But from this the crown of his Catholic Majesty, surmounted by a cross, has been cut and in its place there is a mural crown. The republic clings to the circular emblem of unity and keeps the other glorious quarterings.

The new Cortes is composed, for the most part, of novices in politics and, hence, it could hardly avoid difficulties in getting itself started. Its first tasks of organization were bound to proceed slowly and with some confusion due to the radically new conditions and, especially, to the uncertainties of new party affiliations.

So much for republican Spain in 1931. The lover of pomp and circumstance may find interest and pleasure in an account of things as they were five hundred or more years ago. In those centuries of the middle ages, Spain was not a united nation and, consequently, there were independent Cortes for Castile and Leon, for Aragon, for Catalonia, for Navarre and for Valencia. Of these legislatures the personnel, practices and powers varied somewhat in the different "countries," but in the main there was what might be called a Spanish method which had become customary in that peninsula which can boast of having the first nationally representative parliament. In general, the Cortes was composed of three branches, nobles, clergy, people (in Aragon there was an additional *brazo,* made up of the lower nobility or knights). It was summoned by the monarch, usually at his own will, although there existed from time to time laws requiring sessions at regular intervals—say, that a Cortes should be held every two, three or five years, as the case might be in that particular "country."

The town chosen by the king for the meeting of a Cortes had to possess at least three qualifications: it must be large enough to accomodate the increased population of deputies, who must be suitably housed and fed in order to prepare them for their important office; it must be a healthy and safe place in which to remain for the required number of days, free from marauders or disturbances of any unusual kind; and it must be not too remote from either the king's court or the homes of the deputies. In Aragon the Cortes were by law always held in its chief city, Saragossa, until 1417, when any place "with not less than four hundred hearths or houses" might be substituted. Within these limitations, then, the king might select a town which was convenient for his immediate purposes.

If in the town chosen, as was often the case, the king did not have his own palace and could not use one belonging to a great noble, the sessions took place in the most spacious building available, which ordinarily happened to be the largest church in a city—in its great nave, its sacristy, its cloister or even in its churchyard—or they might be held in a great convent or a monastery. Thus in 1425 the Cortes of Valladolid met in the refectory of the Monastery of St. Pablo de Valladolid, which

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the king ordered to be richly adorned for the session. Other meetings were held at various times in the Church of Sta. María de Monzón in Aragon, in the Monastery of Sta. Catalina and in the convent of the Franciscans in Catalonia, in the cloisters of the Church of Sta. María and in the Convent of St. Domingo in Valencia, to mention only a few. For the occasion, rich and beautiful tapestries hung from the walls of the temporary legislative chamber. Benches were provided for the deputies ranged in their three orders; the king had his throne under a canopy and often on a dais with four or five steps, entirely covered with brocaded velvet; there were places for the different officers; and in front, between the king and the deputies, was set a crimson-covered table for writing materials, a bell, a relic of the True Cross, and the four Gospels. In a church, it was traditional for the king to sit on the Epistle side, the clergy on the Gospel side, the nobility in front of the altar, and the representatives of the cities and towns in the center.

The Cortes began and ended with due ceremony. It was opened by the sovereign in person after the celebration of a solemn Mass of the Holy Spirit (when possible the Cortes was convoked at the time of a religious festival, as on All Saints Day, the first Sunday in Lent, or, more often, at Whitsuntide) in which the deputies begged that their understanding be enlightened for the service of God and for the benefit of the country. All details of the different ceremonies were regulated with the most minute etiquette. According to one account, the deputies were first called to the table, two by two, in order to touch the Cross and the Gospels before they singly took the oath of allegiance to the king. After the members had presented their "powers" and these credentials had been verified, they swore "by the true God and by the blessed Mary His Mother, and by the Cross and the words of the four Holy Gospels which physically they had touched with their right hands" to keep secret everything done in the Cortes. Finally, the king, or his representative, presented to the assembled deputies his "proposition" (the request for a grant of money), and, in their turn, the deputies presented their list of grievances for redress.

In the "España Sagrada," (volume XXXV, pages 187-188), taken from the original writings and documents about Bishop Don Arias of Leon, is an account of a twelfth-century coronation in the midst of what was called "the most brilliant council ever seen." In the year 1135 the kingdom of Leon had been so successful in extending its dominion over a large part of Spain that it was decided in solemn conclave that the king, Don Alfonso VII, should henceforth be called "Emperador de las Españas." First, he was to be consecrated and, following this, the crown was to be given him with public solemnity. These ceremonies took place on Whit Monday, May 26, 1135, in the Cathedral of Sta. María in the city of Leon, immediately before the celebration of the Offices of the day. On the king's shoulders was placed a very rich mantle, on his head a crown of "pure gold" set with precious gems, and in his hand the imperial scepter. He was then anointed with the sacred oil while the appropriate prayers were being said. Next, the new Emperor Alfonso was taken by his vassal, the King of Navarre, at his right hand, and by the Bishop of Leon, at his left, to the altar of Sta. María de Regla at the head of a pompous procession, while the "Te Deum Laudamus" was sung and the people joyfully repeated "Viva el Emperador de las Españas." This over, the divine services were begun, and at the conclusion of the Mass the sovereign received the Benediction. This part of the rites was completed by a feast at the palace served by the counts, princes and dukes. The chronicler goes on to relate that no one remained discontented on so festive a day, for Don Alfonso divided great sums among the bishops, the abbots and the others who were present at the festival, and to the poor were given great alms of clothing and food, enough to satisfy the needs of each one!

On the following day the Cortes met in the royal palace and at that time the best laws, old and new, were confirmed, reestablished, and promulgated under the new rule. "Those decrees published, the famous assembly was ended and all returned to their homes, glorifying God for the mercy with which the evils of Spain had been mitigated, and heaping blessings on the emperor and the kingdom of Leon thus raised to the height of their power and grandeur." Six days later, after the disbanding of the Cortes (which presumably did not contain delegates as such from the cities and towns), the emperor declared his devotion to the holy church in which he was anointed and crowned, by granting to it the privilege of receiving a donation of one-tenth of all the money coined in Leon. Of this nature were the state ceremonies in the first half of the twelfth century, in which Church and State combined to set up an executive and a legislature.

Habitually, the Cortes was disbanded with still greater religious grandeur and extraordinary pomp than was seen at its assembling. In Aragon, for example, the session was held in the largest church of the town with all deputies present, and the roll-call was taken among them by that important official, the prothonotary. The monarch entered with all of his court, ushers, officials, and the resplendent retinue of his household. He ascended slowly the five steps of the royal dais and sat on the throne, with the princes beside him on lower chairs. Then the presidents of the three orders advanced to him, uncovered and with due reverence, the representative of the clergy in the middle, of the nobles to his right, and of the people to his left, followed by the commission chosen to accompany them for that act. At this juncture, the representative of the clergy, presenting to the king the collection of the constitutions and articles passed in that Cortes, said to the king in a loud voice: "Thus is presented to Your Majesty on the part of the Cortes, this volume in which are continued the constitutions and acts of the legislature which Your Majesty has had the grace to grant. The present Cortes begs Your Majesty that it will please him to swear these for Your Majesty and his predecessors as true custom." So saying, he handed the volume to the prothonotary. At this point the king arose from his seat, going towards a bench at the left of the throne. On it, covered with a silken tapestry, was an open missal laid at the foot of the True Cross, and before it the king knelt on a rich cushion and, resting both hands on the missal, took the oath as read by the prothonotary. The deputies stood uncovered. At the end the king kissed the Cross and went back to his seat, where the three presidents and the commission presented to him formal notification of their grant of the subsidy which he had asked. On such occasions it was often the custom to call in the armed knights, ordering them to kneel before the monarch who, with the usual taps on the shoulder, conferred high distinction on them. This over, the prothonotary, standing at one side of the dais, turned to the estates and said with raised voice: "His Majesty gives permission that you should return to your homes." And at this the presidents advanced at the head of their respective estates to be dismissed by the king, who embraced the three leaders and waved his hand to the deputies, "directing to some affectionate words."

Comment on these examples of changing times is irrelevant,

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nor is there a moral. I shall not emphasize either the influence of the Church on the theory of representation in general nor the considerable part regularly taken by it in legislation. In Spain, as elsewhere on the Continent, representation was well known by the thirteenth century through its use in the periodical synods of the clergy for settling their own affairs. In the councils of the nation the clergy from the first formed an estate or chamber, in order to act as guardians of spiritual matters and to represent their own substantial interests as property-holders. The State owes much to the Church. Their separation in modern times is sure to strengthen the Church in its duty of upholding spiritual values.

YORKTOWN HAS GUESTS

By ELIZABETH S. KITE

A BILL passed by the late Congress appropriated $25,000 toward the entertainment of foreign guests invited to attend the sesquicentennial celebration of the surrender at Yorktown, to be held October 16 to 20, 1931. The idea was to do honor to those who so gloriously took part, 150 years ago, in an event which marks the turning of the tide of modern history.

The limited funds available (double the sum had at first been proposed) made it necessary for the State Department to restrict the number of guests, and the choice, in the main, was left to the President of the French Republic. It was understood that representatives were to be chosen from the French army and navy and from descendants of officers who fought at Yorktown; but besides these, certain persons were specially designated by the United States government.

Marshal Pétain was named chief of the delegation, which included the Marquis de Grasse, the Marquis de Rochambeau and his son, the Général Comte de Chambrun, the Duc de Noailles, and the Capitaine de Beauvillers.

The specially invited guests included the president of the French Order of the Cincinnati, the Duc de Broglie, with his wife, and the Marquis and the Marquise de Chambrun. Representing officers other than French who fought at Yorktown, was the aged General Cuno von Steuben, descendant of the famous Baron von Steuben who did so much toward "licking into shape" the raw American troops at Valley Forge the winter of 1778. Every American school child knows the story of how the irascible but well-liked old Baron, when he had exhausted his German vocabulary to no effect, would send for a corporal "to swear at the blockheads in English." To make clear that the baron had come to America as a volunteer from France, and not from Germany, the State Department invited with General von Steuben the descendant of the Frenchman who financed the baron's coming and advanced him money covering his first campaign, the famous Pierre-August Caron de Beaumarchais. In thus inviting M. Delarue de Beaumarchais, French ambassador to Italy, and Madame de Beaumarchais, the American government records its debt of gratitude to one of the earliest of America's friends. Some of the services rendered by this remarkable man are mentioned by Washington in a letter from Valley Forge dated April 21, 1778, in which he says that French supplies had thus far prevented the necessity of America's making a humiliating peace with England. These supplies—eight shiploads of muskets, powder, tents, clothing, blankets, nails, needles, entrenching utensils, cannon, balls grenades, brass field pieces, every conceivable article which an army needed—were sent over by Beaumarchais between December, 1776, and the end of 1777.

But besides all this, he sent over volunteer officers as well. The stories of many of them read like romance. The Marquis de Fleury, hero of Mud Island and Stony Point, was eulogized by both General Washington and Congress for exceptional deeds of valor at the battles of the Brandywine, Monmouth and elsewhere. The Chevalier Maudit du Plessis especially distinguished himself for daring bravery at Germantown, Red Bank and Monmouth. Tronçon du Coudray, brilliant officer chosen to be chief of artillery and engineers, was accidentally drowned while crossing the Schuylkill at Philadelphia on a ferry. His spirited horse became restive and plunged with the general into the river. He was buried from old St. Mary's, Philadelphia, and the first official attendance of Congress in a body at Mass was on the occasion of his funeral. Armand, Marquis de la Rouerie, who at the head of his famous "Legion," recruited while Congress sat at York, during the occupancy of Philadelphia by the British, was active in nearly every battle fought during the Revolution. He was beloved by his men and was remarkable for his democratic attitude, refusing all titles of distinction. Before leaving to become a volunteer in the cause of American freedom, Armand was a Trappist monk. Later he was active in the French Revolution when he organized the Royalist revolt in Brittany. He was so affected by the death of the king that he was seized with a violent fever and died within a few days. Pierre-Charles l'Enfant, who fought with the American army from Valley Forge to Yorktown, was sent to France to have the design for the Cincinnati struck, his having been chosen. He returned to become an American citizen. In 1791 he was commissioned by Washington to design and lay out the national capital on the Potomac. Many more might be mentioned.

Among volunteers of other nationalities sent by Beaumarchais was Pulaski, the gallant Polish general, who lost his life at the siege of Savannah, October, 1779. The story of how Beaumarchais sent the Baron von Steuben is worth telling in a little more detail.

In 1777 this Prussian officer, no longer young, had recently retired from active service. On his way to England for a visit he stopped in Paris to call upon his friend the Minister of War, the Comte de St. Germain. America was spoken of and the count suggested it would be a fine thing for the baron to add to the laurels already won, fresh ones that would surely be his if he should go out to fight for liberty in the New World. After considerable persuasion the baron was induced to call upon Franklin. The interview progressed harmoniously until the baron spoke of the need for an advance of funds in case he should decide to take up with the suggestion. This was precisely Franklin's weak point. He was parsimonious by nature, and besides he had no money to offer, since the American commissioners were living wholly upon money advanced them by France. Franklin's manner annoyed the old baron and he left Passy in such a huff that he forgot about his intended visit to England and set off at once for the German border. When Beaumarchais heard what had happened, he sent his secretary post-haste after the retreating officer, who was overtaken near Strasbourg. Ready money was handed him, Beaumarchais's open purse was offered, and passage on the Flamand, last of the Secret Aid supply ships that went out, was assured. He sailed September 25, 1777.

On the exhibition grounds at Yorktown will be a triumphal archway, erected by the French-American Society in conjunction with the Association of the American Legion of Honor and the Institut Français de Washington. Above in the center will be inscribed the name of de Grasse, on the left at a lower level, that of Rochambeau, and on the right, that of Beaumarchais.

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COMMUNICATIONS

AN INDICTMENT

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor: The Reverend John McCarthy, pastor of the Methodist Church in Bridgeton, in his letter to THE COMMONWEAL appears to be greatly put out with the stand of the Catholic Church in regard to prohibition. He seems to think that the Catholic Church ought to support prohibition. But why should she? For political reasons? No! The Catholic Church does not meddle in politics like the Protestant churches. She is not interested in politics. Should she back it for moral reasons? The answer is no again, because prohibition is not a moral issue. Why should Mr. McCarthy be offended at the Catholic press pointing that fact out? Why should he object to their pointing out the follies of attempting to make something by a law a sin which is not? Drinking liquor is not immoral unless done to excess. But eating if done to excess is also a sin. If Mr. McCarthy were logical in his reasoning, he would want a prohibition law on eating.

There is nothing whatsoever religious at stake whether a man buys, drinks or sells liquor. The Catholic Church has shown its great wisdom in refusing to meddle in something which concerns neither religion nor morals. The Protestant churches have made themselves ridiculous by letting blind emotionalism and muddle-headed thinking get them into such a position. Perhaps it is due to the small amount of education that most Protestant ministers receive as compared with Catholic priests.

Mr. McCarthy accuses Catholics of having their priests do their thinking for them. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Except in regard to religion and morals, we are allowed to think and do as we please. We are not priest-ridden. But the Methodists are certainly minister-ridden.

Mr. McCarthy objects to Catholic priests being proud of the grandeur of the Catholic Church. They have every reason to be proud of it. It was founded by Jesus Christ nearly two thousand years ago; has overcome all the attempts to destroy it; and will continue to the end of the world. The Protestant churches on the other hand were founded by mere men only four hundred years ago; are dying fast; and in another hundred and fifty years will be as dead as the pagan religions of the ancient Greeks or Romans.

As to Mr. McCarthy's statement about former Catholics being present in the Masons in great numbers, it is absolutely without foundation. That is an old time Know-nothing and Klan statement. I spent several years in looking into that matter by checking up the records of persons with Catholic names active in Masonry. In most cases they proved to be the children of mixed marriages whose Catholic parent had died when they were very young, and who had been brought up Protestants by their Protestant parent. In other cases they proved to be the descendants of such persons. In the West and South forty years ago there were few Catholic churches. The Catholics in such sections very often married Protestants. A priest traveling through those sections may have baptized their babies, but the only church in the district being Protestant, these children grew up Protestant; hence the persons baptized Catholics that Mr. McCarthy found in Protestant churches.

As to Mr. McCarthy's reason for dry Catholics staying in the Church, he is again wrong. The reason dry Catholics stay in the Church is because they believe in their religion first and in prohibition afterward. Mr. McCarthy cannot see their point of view, because he seems to confuse prohibition with religion.

As to former Catholics saying that the priests were their reason for leaving the Church, that is because they dared not state their real reasons. They dared not say because they wished to be divorced, remarry and practise adultery. They dared not say because the Church would not let them use certain sharp practices in business. They dared not say because they wished to murder their offspring by means of birth control or abortions. The best explanation was to damn the priests, thus saving their own faces. People leave the Catholic Church because they wish less religion. Those who join the Church, join it because they wish more religion. Such are the 40,000 converts that the Catholic Church receives each year in the United States.

Catholics thank God that they are protected from the laymen's interference that has made the Protestant Churches a slough of spiritual anarchy—everybody believing anything they want to, with the result that the majority are well on the road to being agnostics, and the non-Catholic population of the United States is rapidly becoming pagan. The great moral slough of the American people is due to the spiritually shipwrecked Protestant laity. As a logical result of thinking anything they pleased, they are now doing anything they please. Those who do not like the Catholic Church get out.

One thing more. When Mr. McCarthy wishes to attack the Catholic Church, it is better not to pretend to be a friend, as he does in his letter.

DUDLEY P. GILBERT.

Montgomery, Ala.

TO the Editor: In your September 16 issue, the communication entitled "An Indictment," by a minister of St. Louis, Missouri, is well put, and reveals what is a general misconception of Roman Catholic thought, among practically all sects of Protestantism.

Editors of Roman Catholic papers do not all speak with any authority concerning the attitude of the Church, and in most cases reserve their opinions, subject to correction. The matter of prohibition is not a question of faith or morals from a Roman Catholic standpoint, but merely a political issue concocted by the Methodist and other Protestant sects.

The Roman Catholic Church deals with intemperance very severely; excesses of all nature come under this head. The Protestant thinks of temperance only as regards one who does not partake of alcohol, or tolerate the indulgence of same, and open saloons.

The Roman Catholic Church could not adopt any other than the hands-off policy as to the prohibition law, and even for this it stands condemned by a very few. Its members are pretty well divided on the subject of this law; however, any sane mind can plainly see that its enforcement is a farce. The indictment by the minister from St. Louis is undoubtedly a zone opinion, which he heartily concurs in, and spread for the sole purpose of propaganda.

I cannot conceive of what an unbaptized Catholic would be, but recall an occasion at the Holy Rosary Church in Jacksonville, Florida, last spring while the Bishop of St. Augustine was speaking to a class preparing for First Communion. He questioned one of them as to what they were before they were baptized. The answer by a small tot was, "I don't know unless I was a Protestant."

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The minister from St. Louis mentions priestly opinion which is Catholic opinion. I would answer this, spiritually yes, materially no. This applies to the Protestant sects, and he knows too well that their ministers have such authority, and individually are responsible to their own congregation; the newspapers are full every day of plenty of proof of this. As an example of the enfranchisement of the lay minds being the basis of ruination, the legal profession has about taken over most of the Bible classes today, and when a split comes between the minister and the Bible class teacher, the Bible class goes with the lawyer, or the Bible class teacher.

I would like to suggest to the minister from St. Louis that his congregation would fare much better if he would devote his time and energy to the enlightenment of his flock, rather than to worrying and writing about the sad condition of the Roman Catholic Church and its wayward members. Most Roman Catholic priests have more than they can do if each attends to his own business; and if a priest does not attend to his own business, he will be removed, or demoted, or something else, but not by the congregation.

If notoriety is what one is looking for in denouncing the policies of the Roman Catholic bishops, one can certainly get it, and if the minister from St. Louis does not think so, let him ask Tom Heflin, or Joe Cannon, and they will tell him it was the ingrates of their own crowd that sold them out and not the Roman Catholics, and the results of the investigations now in session will prove this statement.

I feel sure that many replies will be received to this so-called indictment from Roman Catholics all over the country, and I hope that when they are published as an answer to the same the matter will be closed, for such writings from one so far from the truth of Roman Catholic thought do not deserve further notice.

W. F. STACK.

St. Louis, Mo.

TO the Editor: "Why have Catholic editors [and for that matter Catholics in general] with very few exceptions spoken and written as if antagonism to the Eighteenth Amendment were a well-understood and acceptable position for Catholics to assume?"

The above question is virtually asked by Doctor McCarthy, the pastor of Bridgeton Methodist Church in St. Louis in your issue of September 16. Doctor McCarthy then proceeds to give a somewhat confused answer to his own question.

It is the fault of the "priestly mind"; or, rather, not the fault of the priesthood in general but of "priests carefully culled to administer the church, as the fruit of a Bourbon, an ultramontane policy." In other words, it is the fault of the bishops, of the apostolic delegate, of the Consistorial Congregation, of the Pope!

The lay Catholic mind left to itself would, Doctor McCarthy implies, start plugging more or less straightaway for prohibition!

To stop this absurdity THE COMMONWEAL itself, commenting upon Doctor McCarthy's letter and stating that American Catholic opinion has gone too far in its opposition to prohibition, implies that the reason of this excessive opposition is to be found in the fact that American Catholic opinion is essentially urban!

Since when has THE COMMONWEAL learned that the majority of rural and small-town Catholics in the United States are less excessively opposed to prohibition than urban Catholics? Come, Mr. Editors, your statistics!

Why are all American Catholics—even THE COMMONWEAL when it is not toadying to Methodist vilifiers of Catholicism—why are all American Catholics with the exception of Kathleen Norris, Colonel Callahan and the late Denis McCarthy opposed to prohibition—why aren't Catholics prohibitionists?

Because: *Governments have no authority to forbid, or gravely to hinder, usages in themselves licit, which have been followed by the great majority of mankind who have practised them without habitual or frequent grave abuse.*

But use of alcoholic liquors as a beverage, a usage in itself licit according to the whole weight of Catholic teaching and tradition, has been made by the great majority of those who have so used them without habitual or frequent grave abuse.

Therefore governments have no authority to forbid or gravely to hinder the use of alcoholic liquors as a beverage.

And, indeed, since "positive law is an application of the natural law to particular circumstances according to the rule of reason," otherwise constituting not a true law but in the grand phrase of Saint Thomas "a species of violence," and since the Eighteenth Amendment and its sequelae are, as has been shown above, contrary to the natural law, they (the Eighteenth Amendment, etc.) are not authentic laws but a "species of violence" enacted *ultra vires* and therefore invalid.

Small wonder that Catholics and the larger and saner part of mankind everywhere delight in seeing those morally invalid enactments and enforcements resisted and circumvented—that malicious delight which now scandalizes the all-at-once-suddenly-grown-squeamish COMMONWEAL and its new vilifactory Methodist friends.

REV. RUSSELL WILBUR.

Cherry Valley, N. Y.

TO the Editor: I believe that almost every reader of THE COMMONWEAL is grateful to you for having published the Reverend John McCarthy's indictment of the Catholic Church. Is it not enlightening, even startlingly so, to see this old "obscurantist absolutism" accused of extreme liberalism?

Since the days of former Congressman Upshaw, this is the most categorical demand for authoritative restrictions of individual conduct in the Catholic Church. Surely, if thousands upon thousands of Catholics are seeking for more detailed and all-embracing authority in Masonry, and if decent and learned people can find no home in that freedom-loving Church, it's time for the Catholic churchmen to take an inventory of their tumbling positions.

In these days of dictatorships, peremptory laws, state enforcement of eugenics and human mutilations, might it not lead to greater prosperity (and, incidentally, to more Senate investigations) of the churchmen, if they discarded the age-old Christian principle, "In necessariis unitas, in aliis libertas, in omnibus caritas," and substituted in its place a strictly modern, though less sonorous, motto, "In necessariis confusio, in aliis coercitio, in omnibus suspicio"?

FRANCIS J. GOSTOMSKI.

VINO SANO

Brooklyn, N. Y.

TO the Editor: Why do government agents raid breweries making 4 percent beer when the government, through a loan to grape-growers of California, encourages the manufacture and sale of a grape concentrate which becomes, through the simple operation of natural laws that are carefully explained by the salesman, 15 percent wine? Can you explain it?

HOWARD W. TONER.

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THE PLAY AND SCREEN

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

He

THIS seems to be a season in which the giants are wearing clay shoes. Arthur Hopkins has just folded up his steam-roller fiasco, "The Man on Stilts," and, although the Theatre Guild subscriber list serves as a cushion, it seems to me that their production of Alfred Savoir's "He" deserves a similar quick collapse.

Of course, the Savoir play is by no means as bad as "The Man on Stilts," but the similarity between the two plays rests on the fact that each of them started off with an idea capable of interesting development and that neither of them was able to expand or develop the idea beyond its initial statement. Savoir, up to the present, has given very few indications of being a profound thinker. Probably his most interesting effort produced in this country was "The Lion-tamer," with which the Neighborhood Playhouse once struggled. Such works as "The Grand Duchess and the Waiter" and "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife" hardly merited more consideration than an A. H. Woods bedroom farce.

This time, however, Savior has undertaken to write an artificial little comedy about men's ideas of God. He brings together the members of an international committee of free thinkers in a Swiss mountain hotel, and there he puts them face to face with a presentable young lunatic who thinks he is God. Naturally, his lunacy is suspected from the first until the free thinkers are subjected to a series of distressing events which end in their compelling their obdurate president to resign and electing the lunatic president in his place. An avalanche of snow and ice engulfs the hotel, cuts off communication with the outside world and threatens destruction to all the inmates. In this crisis they are quite willing to turn back to the idea of God. But once the danger is removed, they return to their old views and discover the lunatic to be a refugee from a neighboring asylum.

On the whole, Mr. Savoir has managed to give the free thinkers somewhat the worst of the evening, although it would appear from the general contents of the play that he is trying to drop his shafts of satire on both sides of the fence. The lunatic, in the course of the evening, indulges in some rather extraordinary theology anent his own powers and dispositions and is ably seconded in this task by one of the rebellious servants in the hotel who happens also to be a lunatic and convinced that he is Napoleon.

It is quite obvious that a play of this sort demands mature insight just as much as it demands wit and skill in its elaboration. The only mind that I can recall capable of handling such a theme is that of G. K. Chesterton. Certainly Alfred Savoir proves utterly inadequate to the task which he has set himself.

Of course, part of the blundering inanity of the play may be due to its adaptation and staging by Chester Erskin. Mr. Erskin has already demonstrated this season his inability to adapt and stage light comedy. The ineptitudes of "I Love an Actress" are still fresh in our minds. Mr. Erskin seems to have a formula of direction which he applies to all plays regardless of their inherent character. It may well be that as an adapter he succeeds in equal measure in obscuring what might have been the elusive wit of the original. But however the blame should be apportioned between Savoir and Erskin, the fact remains that the Theatre Guild has sponsored as its opening production of the season a play of such trivial interest, of such artificially mechanical action, and of such slight emotional interest that it leaves one fatigued and a little bewildered. Like Arthur Hopkins, the Guild seems to be striving mightily to be "different." In the meantime and as always, good, simple, forthright and honest plays are still languishing for want of producers with ordinary human insight.

It is only in the material aspects that the Guild has maintained anything of its usual standards. The setting by Aline Bernstein is adequate, and the cast of the play includes such thoroughly competent actors as Tom Powers, Claude Rains, Eugene Powers and Violet Kemble Cooper. I was particularly pleased with Tom Powers's thoroughly sensitive performance in the rôle of the lunatic. He managed to bring out whatever there was of worth or of point in the play. At the Guild Theatre.)

People on the Hill

EVEN the choice of such a play as "People on the Hill" by the new theatre group known as Midtown Producers, Incorporated, cannot dim entirely my enthusiasm for group action in the theatre as the only logical answer to the motion-picture domination of the purely amusement field. There is a great deal of pronounced talent among the members of this new group, and their performance of many individual scenes would bear very favorable comparison with much to be seen in the anaemic theatre this fall. But, once more, the fatal tendency to strive for something "different" threatens to turn their well-meant efforts into another abortive explosion of art for art's sake.

"People on the Hill" is a play by Torvald Liljencrantz. It is one of those adolescent affairs packed full of the enthusiasm of youth for freedom on the hill-tops. A group of young things composed of brothers and sisters of two or three families form a group more or less in rebellion against the stuffiness of mankind at large, and proceed to live in modified defiance of conventional respectability. The author is at great pains to show that their natural and impulsive instincts are much sounder than those of the people in the surrounding community. They want to marry and to have children and to bring up the children amidst all the well-known glories of sunshine, trees and ocean.

Tragedy, however, breaks in upon them early through the drowning of Barry Michaels who leaves Coralie Martin bearing his child. Coralie has a younger sister, Chrystal, who is also in love with Barry and who wants to feel that she also can share the responsibilities of motherhood for Barry's child. The rest of the play is taken up with the efforts of Laura Martin to break the spirit of Coralie and to force her for the sake of her child to marry a respectable middle-aged moron. In other words, respectability is given its usual traditional clothing of the theatre and adolescent youth is given its usual romantic glamor.

But whatever poetic beauty might have been inherent in some parts of the play, it has been very much obscured by a deluge of dialogue, most of which is of the aspiring but meaningless kind which flashes through the brain of every school child at the dawning of manhood or womanhood. For

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the rest, the play has three or four well-constructed scenes and moments when theatrical illusion is well maintained, due to the admirable enthusiasm of many of the younger members of the cast.

In speaking of the play as another attempt to achieve something of "significance," I do want to make it clear that the earnestness of the players themselves deserves a real tribute. It is rare to see so much enthusiasm and joy in playing put into theatrical work, combined with a more than reasonable technical competence. Whatever sense one gets of amateurishness comes chiefly from the ineptitudes of the play itself. The players themselves are quite evidently convinced of the poetry and earnestness of the theme and do their utmost to bring it to life with obvious devotion. The most conspicuous characteristic of these players is their ease and freeness from mannerisms and self-consciousness. (At the Princess Theatre.)

The Dreyfus Case

ALL IN all, I think "The Dreyfus Case," in spite of certain technical limitations due to poor sound-recording, deserves to rank as one of the most distinguished and enthralling stories put upon the screen in many months. It attempts to be a careful reconstruction of the famous scandal in the French army in the early part of this century which, as we now know, foreshadowed and led up to many of the dramatic incidents of the Great War.

It will be recalled that Dreyfus was an artillery officer attached to the general staff, and that he was falsely accused of having betrayed military secrets to Germany. The trial of Dreyfus, his sentence to life imprisonment at Devil's Island, the subsequent trial of Esterhazy and the revelations which ensued, the second trial of Dreyfus, the shooting of his lawyer, Labori, the reaffirmation of Dreyfus's guilt followed, curiously enough, by his reinstatement to full rank in the army and the bestowing on him of the Legion of Honor—all these facts, which are still engraved upon the memory of every Frenchman, form one of the most absorbing dramas of intrigue, persecution, military caste and evasive diplomacy ever written in the history of a great nation.

When Emile Zola came out with his famous public letter accusing the highest officials of the army of treachery and perjury, and when, later, Georges Clemenceau became one of the most ardent supporters of the Dreyfus cause, it was quite evident that history was in the making.

Now it is one thing to have the materials of drama in history and quite another to re-create it with all the terror and anguish of the moment. Yet the producers of "The Dreyfus Case" have succeeded beyond all reasonable hope in doing two very difficult things. First, they have restored the feeling of the period and, even though English actors are used, the entire atmosphere is unquestionably French to the last detail. Secondly, they have given the bare recital of historical events all the theatrical vitality and suspense of a play written by a master technician.

There are one or two occasions when I think the producers have departed from good taste in their effort to draw out the last ounce of theatrical value as, for example, when they continually show a huge crucifix above the seat of the Court of Justice as if to compare the persecution of Dreyfus to the story of Calvary. This, of course, is an inexcusable theatricality. It is practically the only departure throughout the entire film from an integrity and careful restraint as rare in motion pictures as it is powerful and persuasive. (At the Warner Theatre.)

BOOKS

Which Way Youth ?

Principles of Guidance, by Arthur Jones. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Company. $3.00.

Guiding Rural Boys and Girls, by O. Latham Hatcher. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Company. $2.50.

Guidance of Mental Growth in Infant and Child, by Arnold Gesell. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.25.

Planning Your Future, by George E. Myers, Gladys M. Little and Sarah A. Robinson. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Company. $1.50.

Vocational Guidance and Success, by Edward J. Gallagher. Milwaukee: The Bruce Publishing Company. $1.20.

GUIDANCE in its different aspects has assumed tremendous proportions in education. It is a response to an existing demand. Public, private and even personal affairs have lost their simplicity. Specialization, combination, diversification and what-not have changed disciplines into systems and these in turn into multivaried components. Hence, we meet educational, social, civic, health, moral, domestic, recreational, religious and vocational guidance and special courses in each. Their object is to reduce to its basic principles the complexity encountered in these different fields of human endeavor. This object would not be reached without a set of definite principles more or less universal in their application. Surveys and researches have brought much light into the matter and resulted in a large number of books and studies. No doubt, the recent White House Conference on Child Health and Protection provided a new stimulus by its practical recommendations.

Among the recent books, "Principles of Guidance," written by Arthur Jones, professor of secondary education at the University of Pennsylvania, is far above the average. The meaning, purpose and aim of guidance, methods of investigation of guidance, educational guidance and general results, form the divisions of this treatise. The work is complete and the methods advanced are practical. The suggestions made as well as the deductions arrived at are sound and quite acceptable. The whole is well documented and the claims made for guidance are modest enough to be convincing. All interested in the subject will find this book a reliable source of information.

Taking into consideration that the United States is mostly rural, the importance of extending guidance into country districts is evident, and any system intended for rural application needs a special adaptation to rural life. This adaptation Mrs. O. Latham Hatcher, the president of the Southern Woman's Educational Alliance, provides in her book "Guiding Rural Boys and Girls." The volume treats principally of educational and vocational guidance without, however, neglecting other aspects. Besides presenting outlines for organizing guidance programs in rural schools, many excellent forms helpful to the rural counselor are presented. Owing to the scarcity of reliable books on the rural guidance question, this book fills a real need and does it satisfactorily. Educators and school boards intending to extend guidance into rural districts, or who are not satisfied with their present programs, may consult this volume with profit. Excellent bibliographies are found in this and in the preceding volume.

Among the more than ten million children in the United States who are handicapped in some way, 6,500,000 are mentally deficient. Of these about 850,000 are feeble-minded and 5,650,000 are intellectually subnormal. These staggering figures certainly elicit the question: What can be done about it?

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The White House Conference above mentioned took the matter into serious consideration and came to the conclusion that a comprehensive and successful plan to prepare the mentally handicapped child for life's work must include the following: "Early discovery and diagnosis which will determine the nature of the handicap while it is in the incipient stages and when the greatest possible benefit may be secured from care and treatment. . . . Research which will determine the fundamental causes of the disabilities and discover the most effective methods of their prevention and control."

To this important and necessary task, Dr. Arnold Gesell, professor of child hygiene at Yale University, has given his time and talent. In his latest book, "Guidance of Mental Growth," he treats the progress of guidance concepts, the problems and methods of child guidance and the science and protection of child growth. Among the more important topics are: stages and norms of mental growth, parent-child relations, early recognition of developmental research, heredity and mental growth and some medical aspects of the study of infant behavior. These and other chapters treat practical problems of interest to the student of developmental research and child guidance.

Notwithstanding Dr. Gesell's reputation as a scientist, it cannot be said that he is an authority in revealed religion. Instead of giving one reason why the dogma of original sin (which he does not even understand) is against reason or true science, he follows the popular psychological method in use by most writers on child guidance of repeating suppositions and denials with the hope that eventually something will stick by force of repetition. A better way would have been to bring science in harmony with revelation. Revealed truths are eternal and remain so whether accepted by man or not; science changes quicker than books can be written. As a sample of the Pelagianism pervading Parts I and II of the volume, the following may serve: "The present widespread investigation of the child mind . . . represents an increasing disposition to attribute even the phenomena of human behavior to natural rather than miraculous [supernatural?] causes. . . . This rationalistic temper is dissolving the rigidities of dogmatic theology and dogmatic ethics which so powerfully influenced the psychological outlook upon children. . . . Prescientific interpretations of the mind of the child imputed to him a will steeped in hereditary guilt. . . . A genetic appreciation of the mind as an organic complex, subject to laws of growth, was slowly acquired" (page 267).

Such ideas, subverting the whole dogma of redemption, permeate all modern non-Catholic child guidance. It is evident that care must be exercised in using its literature, otherwise poison may be swallowed with the good medicine they present.

Most guidance of children in choosing a calling has hitherto been done by parents and teachers with much formality, but, the tremendous changes created within the last thirty years by the altered conditions in the home, labor and industry, in the standards of living and education, and the unprecedented progress made in the different sciences and public utilities, seem to demand a provision for youth of junior high-school age of some books designed to make them think and plan about their future and to serve as texts in courses conducted through longer or shorter periods. Most of these text-books in presenting the different occupations follow the United States Census classification. The following two books, recently published, are of this type. They are concerned about vocational guidance.

"Planning Your Future," by Myers, Little and Robinson, is a well printed and profusedly illustrated volume. "The World of Occupation," "Local Occupations," "Facts Every Worker Should Know" and "Find Your Place" constitute the four

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NEXT WEEK

UNDERSTANDING FRANCE, by L. P. Harl, is written by an American who lives in France and who from first-hand observation pays tribute to a great and intelligent people. It is important, as France and America, that twice before have found themselves side by side in the achievement of their destinies, are again in the present international situation being more and more isolated under conditions which make their mutual action, and understanding, imperative. . . . A NOBLE ROMAN, by Gouverneur Paulding, is an extremely interesting paper on Contardo Ferrini, a historian in secular universities whose life has been proclaimed by Pope Pius XI to show virtues on a heroic scale. It is indeed an epitomizing of what constitutes a noble life. . . . SILESIA PRAYS, by Henry Morton Robinson, is a record of "an amazing contemporary proof that Catholicism can be, and is, a bulwark of resistance and a fountain-head of courage when the breaks go against an entire people.". . . THE PENSION, by Helene Mullins, is a gem of a story, clear, moving, and true to life in its finest shadings. . . . WILFRID SCAWEN BLUNT, by Padraic Colum, is an appreciation of a Catholic English gentleman who strove grandly for the self-determination of the Moslem world and the liberation of the people of Ireland. . . . ABBÉ LUGAN, by Canon Ernest Dimnet, is a brief, touching sketch of an extraordinary priest and writer. . . . FOR THE DEFENSE, by Mary F. Hussie, is a spirited brief for Catholic parents who send their children to non-Catholic schools and colleges. It will no doubt provoke keen interest and equally spirited rejoinders. All of which, it is to be hoped, will be elucidating of a perplexing problem.

parts of the book. The aims of the different units precede every discussion and reading selections, questions and things to do, follow. A good bibliography is found in the appendix. Students will enjoy the study of this practical, clear and complete book, and parents may derive much benefit by its perusal.

"Vocational Guidance and Success," by Edward J. Gallagher, treates practically the same matter but more concisely and from a different standpoint. It lays particular stress on the importance of character in any field of endeavor. Its contents may be distributed into five groups: elements of success in guidance; qualities that make for success; aids to a right selection of a life work; various methods of entering a vocation and the special training required; and the achievement and ideal of success. The individual chapters are followed by a pertinent statement and an extensive questionnaire. The appendix tells parents how they can be of help in vocational guidance.

There is much to be recommended in these two text-books, and not much to be criticized. Both are up-to-date, well written and printed, and should prove extremely helpful to pupils and teachers alike.

KILIAN J. HENNRICH.

God and the World

The Reality of God, and Religion and Agnosticism, by Baron Friedrich von Hügel. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, Incorporated. $4.00.

PROFESSOR GARNER says in his brief preface to the volume under discussion that it "contains portions of one, and all that remains of another, of two books that Baron von Hügel left unfinished at the end of his earthly life." Magnificent torsos, one says after finishing them; and certainly the first, if it had been completed, would have ranked with the few very great religious books of the modern time. What we are given to see of it is an introduction, and various more or less finished portions of projected chapters. The introduction is, from several points of view, one of the author's best achievements. Written with impressive serenity, the style is also more lucid and less mannered than is customary with the baron. He takes for his purpose a discussion of God's reality on the grounds to which modern intelligence has generally devoted its attention. Can we know, and how do we know? What relations are suggested between man's ethical desires and needs on the one hand, and the Divine fundament on the other? How and for what reasons is institutional religion necessary to God's business with mankind?

In his preliminary summary of these queries and the replies he thought might be made to them, the baron's dialectic, without any trace of flippancy or smugness, became unusually alert and vibrant. This introduction is to my mind quite the finest bit of large-scale argumentative writing offered in a long while; and besides it has the quality of "review" which, in a quite different literary domain, fascinates one in Robert Bridges's "Testament of Beauty." To be sure, one has only to compare the philosopher's attitude with the poet's on the one subject of Saint Thomas in order to be certain once again that the responses of art to major problems of reality can seldom be trusted implicitly. The brief survey of Thomism which Baron von Hügel offers is, perhaps, as good a thing as has yet been said on the subject. Here is one passage, especially characteristic of its author: "If we look up and down Saint Thomas, we shall find that his intentions and his ethical temper are excellent, since he is no rigorist. Any notion of turning the whole of human life, or simply its ethical side, into so much hair shirt

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never arises in his mind; and since a great joy runs through his ethics, a mighty hunger after the living God as the supreme commandment and the supreme reward, there is already deeply embedded in his temper a seeking for reality, for realities, and a joy in finding them, irreplaceable by any other principle or activity. Where he is weak, he is weak with the weakness of the middle ages, which again, after all, is now seen to be the weakness of that rhetorical spirit ending by dominating the ancient world and its education, a fact which, at bottom, is a persistent danger and limitation in every classical education not seeing this complication clearly and not providing for it with sufficient vigilance and system."

But every page of this unfinished book deserves reading—pages on the intimations of God to be found in nature and the human mind, on pantheism and evil, on becoming like to God, on the need of institutional religion. The second book was planned to be a study of Sir Alfred Comyn Lyall, a student of the Orient whom the baron considered unusually significant and representative. Thus it would have been at one and the same time a meditation on Indian religion and a discussion of the agnosticism professed by Lyall. As the manuscript stands, however, it is by no means either easy or coherent reading. But it is well worth the time one gives to it; and if it contained nothing more than the excellent analysis of Euhemerism, publishing would still be an elementary complement.

Year after year the influence of Baron von Hügel is extended to new minds and souls. No fact could be more welcome; and though the present book is first of all a source of constant regret that it could not have been finished, it will, even as it stands, tighten the firm grip of the baron's personality on those who attempt to follow him.

GEORGE N. SHUSTER.

The Fortunes of Zion

The Great Betrayal, by Stephen Wise and Jacob de Haas. New York: Brentano's. $2.00.

On the Rim of the Wilderness, by Maurice Samuel. New York: Horace Liveright, Incorporated. $2.50.

THESE two volumes deal with the question of Palestine and the return of the Jews to that country. The first states on page 15 a question: "Has the Labor Government reversed the Balfour declaration and the Palestine mandatory policy?" To which three other questions are added dealing with the chance of a breach of public faith and contractual liability. Thereafter through ten chapters and eight appendices, an attempt is made to lay the foundation of an indictment of British policy in Palestine, from which in the author's opinion some indications of a betrayal of the Jewish position and rights can be observed. Both books are of forceful character and sometimes approach the manner of declamation. But on the whole they are clear as to the purpose and aims of the authors.

Rabbi Wise and his co-partner do not set out certain important factors of the Palestine situation which any government of Britain—Labor, Liberal or Conservative—would be bound to keep in view. The estimated population of Palestine appears in 1930 to be 946,000, of whom some 700,000 are Moslems, some 80,000 to 90,000 Christians of various nations, leaving some 160,000 who are Jews. Mr. Samuel (p. 18) says 170,000 Jews. The Arabs are often poor and generally disorganized, while the Jews comprise a more or less organized minority, politically minded on the whole, educated often, many of them up to the minute in political and economic knowledge.

Naturally such a situation would produce many aspects and

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forms of irritation, due to beliefs, differences of culture and civilizations, especially among Moslems, who have been for hundreds of years in control of the area—and naturally resent the loss of political and military control, rendered all the more exasperating because of their inability to compete with the progressive and educated Jews, who bring to the area the latest forms of Western science, Western practice and theory, all of which the Moslem and Arab will, in the main, detest; just as the Arab executive and Supreme Moslem Council, who seek to speak and represent the Moslems, have sought the abrogation of the Balfour declaration of November 2, 1917, because it introduces the Jewish element into an Arab territory.

Again taxation and its incidence is a disturbing factor, as the Shaw Report states that a careful estimate discloses that the Jews pay some $16.50 per head, while the Moslems frequently only contribute slightly more than $7.00 per head. This apparent unfairness has excited Jewish feeling and raised question as to the impartiality of the British officials. But much of this disappears when the question of rating in various areas such as town and country is examined, it being well known that town dwellers require many more services than do country dwellers—and Jews it seems tend to dwell more in towns for trading, for scholastic and educational reasons.

Also the Arab resents the introduction of Western methods. Thus it is not surprising to find that in 1922, when an order in Council provided for a legislative council, to be in part elective, they refused to coöperate; hence a subsequent order nullified this plan. Even when Sir Herbert Samuel proposed the restoration of the previous advisory council, with the same proportions as to members as that contained in the legislative council, the Moslems again declined. In 1923 there was proposed an Arab agency which was in many features to correspond to the Jewish agency. Even this met with determined opposition, so that Palestine is still controlled by an advisory council of appointed official members. To this there has been added in 1927 a system of municipal councils on an elected basis.

Mr. Maurice Samuel is concerned too much in the ownership of lands in a chapter called "Coming Down to Earth," in which he sets out a series of cases of large ownership of land by families and the maltreatment of the farmer and worker on the soil. This has been the fate of landowners and land workers in the East for centuries. The rates of interest charged do sound high and frequently are extortionate, but the Near East is not the only area of extortionate finance. Mr. Samuel also weakens his case when on page 21 he warns his readers not to take statements in the Arab press literally. Even American readers use discrimination when reading the political press of America.

Both books fail to appreciate the British position in the world in general, and in Moslem populated countries in particular—while the constant reiteration of sad cases merely fogs the position. The basic question is: Can Palestine be made the home of the Jew and the Moslem? What means can be evolved to bring these two different cultures into some sort of readiness to bear and forbear? The Arab represents tradition of centuries and a kind of fatalism not readily accepted by Jews, especially the highly educated Jew of the West or the Jew of commerce and banking. Their plane of thought and vision vary unmistakably. If the Turk returned to Palestine, what would the Jew do? Most persons can guess what the Arab would do.

The books are worth perusing but lose much because of their unilateral presentment. The authors well know that few governments are permitted, even if they were able, to do what looks fair and easy to the onlooker.

BOYD-CARPENTER.

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Accomplishment

S.S. San Pedro, by James Gould Cozzens. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $1.50.

MAGNIFICENT is hardly too strong a word to apply to this book. It makes me think of the story of the boy who had spelled a word correctly, and the teacher said, "That's good Johnny." To which he replied, "Good, nothing! That was perfect." There is little else to say of this book—within its limitations, it is perfect. The title is perhaps uninspired, and the dust jacket seemed, to me at least, somehow to cheapen the climax of the story. But these are minor matters. The book has been a choice of the Book-of-the-Month Club, which promises that its solid merits will be fairly widely appreciated and discussed.

"S.S. San Pedro" is a short book, and shortness is ideally suited to its dramatic intensity. Its writing is the purest of virtuosity; there is no sense of showmanship, there is only completely satisfying accomplishment. The author has a remarkable talent for giving the reader a coherent point of view, and at the same time a comprehensive sense of the complex organism of a ship at sea, the stress and strain of its inanimate yet moving parts, the internal organization of its human staff, and the pitiful helplessness of its passengers, or their blissful ignorance of the ship and the uncertain elements beneath them and above them. Compared to the wordy, sloppy, stream-of-consciousness method, his method is a triumph of intelligence, achieving the picture of multiple causes and effects and even of contiguous but irrelevant states of being with sharp outlines and economy of time. Incidentally, those who believe that the prime romance of the sea—the struggle of a ship against the sea—went out with the advent of steam engines and steel hulls, should read this book.

FREDERIC THOMPSON.

Bayard Victorious

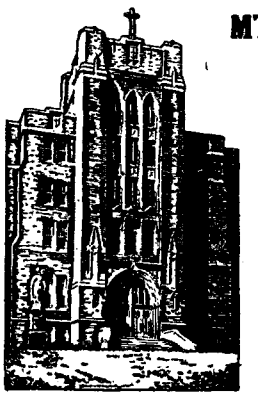
Nelson, by Clennel Wilkinson, New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $3.50.

THE EVENTFUL life of Horatio Nelson is known to all of us, and this book claims to add nothing to the record, but simply in retelling the story to present vividly the character of the man, primarily for his own sake, and only secondarily as the naval tactician and the lover of Lady Hamilton.

There is here no slurring over unpleasant incidents, no whitewashing of Nelson's character. The author at times condemns him even too severely for his hasty temper or his vanity. Yet this life of Nelson is written with such deep sympathy and understanding, and such artistic appreciation, that the reader grows to feel for Nelson almost the same adoration that the English public gave him when he was put in charge of the southern coast defenses to protect England from Bonaparte's threatened attack.

The times and conditions are vividly portrayed, from the two varieties of weevils in the ship's biscuits when Nelson was a midshipman to the fifty-two candles about his coffin. Lady Hamilton and all the other characters of the tale, important or unimportant, appear before us vividly. Nelson's strategy is clarified by diagrams, and the course of his battles (Cape St. Vincent, the Nile, Trafalgar) is clearly and understandably told. Mr. Wilkinson sees Lord Nelson as a human being, and lets his greatness gradually appear, instead of treating him from the first as a great man. This is a book which should appeal to hero-worshipers and debunkers alike.

KENTON KILMER.



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Briefer Mention

The Shorter Poems of Robert Bridges. New York: Oxford University Press. $2.50.

"A FEW weeks before his death, Robert Bridges sanctioned the publication of this new edition of his 'Shorter Poems' and left some general directions as to which poems from his later books should be added to the original selection." Thus declares the brief foreword to the present litle book, which really does include nearly all the poet's lyrical verse for which posterity will care. The especial qualities of Mr. Bridges's work have been noted frequently. Among them is the extraordinary delicacy of his descriptive writing. Here for instance is a stanza which pictures a train moving across the country landscape:

> "Him may you mark in every vale
> Moving beneath his fleecy trail,
> And tell whene'er the motions die
> Where every town and hamlet lie."

The archaic in Mr. Bridges's writing was of course, the reflection of his desire to refashion the themes of poetry out of the traditional stuff of poetry; and it may be said in his behalf that the result had often a firmer texture, a more solid color, than modernization could obtain. From this point of view the lyrics reprinted from "October and Other Poems" are particularly interesting.

The English Captain, and Other Stories, by L. A. G. Strong. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

MR. STRONG experiments in many patterns, though the same attractive qualities of sensitiveness and humane curiosity about life run through these twenty sketches. Of the several studies of youthful love and marriage, none is sharply individual, but all elucidate the general fact that men are one world and women are another credibly and dramatically, without losing the suitable note of tender irony. There are two definitely tragic stories—"The Rook," which presents two compassionate young priests confronted by the fact of suffering; and "The Galleon," which gives the mystery of a madman against the background of human cruelty. The title story communicates less than the writer patently feels about the group of Dublin boys who casually met, and never forgot, a visiting English soldier, later killed in the war. The most rememberable piece of writing here—aside from the pages here and there about tides, storms and fishing, subjects on which Mr. Strong has no superior—is "Old Michael," the picture of a hard-bitten West Highland toper, which appeared in this magazine a few years ago.

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